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The
Musical World
AND
NEW YORK MUSICAL TIMES.

"Music is the Art of the Prophets; it is the only Art which can calm the agitation of the Soul, and put the Devil to flight."—*Martin Luther.*

"I ever held this sentence of the Poet as a canon of my creeds: that whom God loveth not, they love not Musicke."—*T. Morley*, 1599.

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RICHARD STORRS WILLIS, Editor.

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To Our Exchanges.

With this issue, we commence a new volume of *The Musical World and Times*, which we intend to make just as good and valuable as we can. To what extent we shall succeed, remains to be seen. Were it proper for us to express an opinion on this point, we should not hesitate to say, that, we shall be able to make *The Musical World and Times* equal, at least, to the poorest of our "Exchanges." We would like to ask our friends to give us a "first-rate notice" all round; but we dare not. We observe that their anger has been kindled by the impudence of many of our weekly and monthly city contempories, who have *demanded* "notices" of our country friends, and threatened in case of refusal to "cut them off the exchange list." Such "demands" and "threats" are ungenerous and ought to be resented. Our "exchange list" is very large, *and costs us over eight hundred dollars a year*, and—if our "Exchanges" want to "row us up" or "pitch into us," or give us some tip-top notices, they are perfectly welcome to do so. We leave the matter entirely in their hands, only asking that, in any event, *they will be careful to state our terms of subscription*, which they will find at the head of this column.

Back Numbers Wanted.

Persons having copies of *The Musical World & Times* of November 27th, (being No. 13 of the preceding volume,) will greatly oblige us by sending the same to this office, in case they choose to part with them. Dealers and agents having copies of the above number on hand will please forward them as soon as possible.

The Minor Scales.

Worcester, Ohio, Dec. 8, 1852.

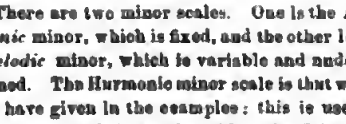
Editor of Musical World & Times, Sir:—Observing how attentively you consider and how courteously you reply to questions proposed by your readers, I beg leave to enquire whether, in constructing the minor scale, it be merely a matter of taste that the 6th and 7th of the scale ascending be elevated. I see in your diagram of the minor scales in all keys, that the 7th only is sharped, and that it is also sharped descending. Dr. Calcott says, The accidentals do not naturally belong there, the 2nd half step occurring between 5 and 6 the 7th being sharped to accommodate 8 the 6th sharped to provide against the step of an extreme sharp 2nd. Mr. Marx says, The 7th is necessarily sharped, to secure the Harmony of the Dominant triad. Mr. Hastings says (Presbyterian Psalmodist Page 19) The Descending scale (minor) differs from the ascending, by not requiring the pitch of the sixth and seventh degrees to be raised by accidentals. Mr. Hastings and Dr Calcott agree. The Editor of The Musical World & Times and Mr Marx seem to differ with them in the ascending scale, and differ with each other descending.

Will you be good enough to give your views upon this seeming difference, and oblige yours with much esteem.

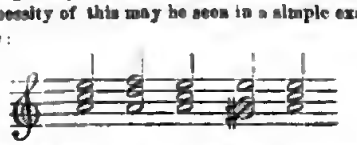
J. Edmonds.

REPLY.

There are two minor scales. One is the *Harmonic* minor, which is fixed, and the other is the *Melodic* minor, which is variable and undetermined. The Harmonic minor scale is that which we have given in the examples: this is used in *harmony*, and is unalterable; the 7th alone being sharped, ascending and descending. The necessity of this may be seen in a simple example:



This satisfies the ear, as no other arrangement of the triads would do. Suppose we sharp the 6th—observe the effect:



This is intolerable to the ear.

The *melodic* minor scale however, which is used for a single singing voice or instrument, can be changed at will; the sharpening of the 6th and 7th being entirely optional.

This distinction between the Harmonic and Melodic scale, is not generally made by authors, hence the confusion which exists. We would remark, that the above explanation has already been given in a previous "study:" perhaps our correspondent overlooked it.

Commence Now!

Our "Musical Studies for the Million" we find are creating an interest beyond all expectation; and we wish particularly to say, that, with this first number of a new volume, we arrive at a point in the course, where multitudes of musical and semi-musical persons may easily begin with us, *without having gone over what has preceded*: which has been principally elementary ground.

To show this, we will simply state what we have thus far accomplished; which may also serve as a link of connection with the previous "Studies," for those who would like to commence immediately.

1st. We derived the different kinds of measures, which are usually given without derivation, and used at once.

2d. We derived the triad, from tones produced by the vibration of the string.

3d. We derived the major scale *from* the triad; and the minor scale out of materials furnished and suggested by the major.

4th. We explained the system of *keys*, or the repetition of these scales upon different tone-pitches.

5th. We touched upon the *intervals* of the scales, 2d—3d—4th, &c., &c.

6th. We commenced with the first chapter on Harmony, *where we are now*, giving with this first number of the new volume, a list of the different kinds of *triads* in the scales.

It will be seen, that we have thus only philosophically *evolved* materials, which are generally put *at once* into the hands of the musical

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student. Indeed, as much elementary information as this, is generally *pre-supposed* on the part of those who wish to commence the study of Harmony.

Commence with us then, *now!*—all who have any desire to practice and acquire the written language of music, by the most agreeable method of gradual, thorough, weekly instruction.

The Opera.

ALBONI has opened at the Broadway this week with Rossini's *Cenerentola*. Her singing, as usual, is to the musical sense what the most exquisite harmony of coloring is to the eye—almost bewildering in its richness. Her acting is also better than we would naturally expect: but, if it were not, she entirely disarms criticism with her irresistibis good humor and geniality. On Tuesday evening she remarked to a friend of ours, behind the scenes, that in her opinion the opera of *Cenerentola* could be nowhere better given in the world, than the Broadway troupe were giving it at that moment. Rovere is certainly a different man on the stage end off. His mobility of feature, and power of rapid transition are certainly surprising. His costume and disguise of face, also help cancel the impression of a certainly not very comic, or laughter-moving countenance. The opera is very brilliant, and Alboni is superb in her rôle. It ought to be given now, successively, for several weeks. The great mistake that opera managers are too apt to make, is to *change* one new opera for another, just as the public are getting familiar with, and begin to like it. The Woods understood this better when they gave us English opera, many years since. Somnambula was repeated over a hundred nights successively, and the enthusiasm of their packed house increased with every performance. Opera managers must remember that the public is a *child*, and mortally slow of comprehension and appreciation. But, when it once gets familiarized with a thing, like a favorite toy it will be pleased therewith, from one merry Christmas to another.

Good Tidings for the Blind.

NUMBER 2.

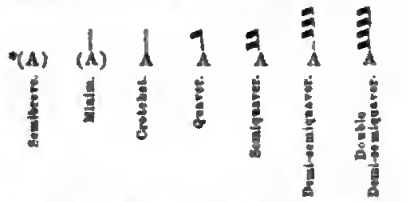
We subjoin, according to our promise of last week, Mr. Mobbrey's own account of his newly-invented system of musical instruction, which he addressed to the directors of the N. Y. Institution for the Blind: Appendent also, will be found an imitation of the letter to be used. The characters are about one third the size of the blocks to be employed. Our ingenious compositor, Mr. Van Fleet, has made the letters up, as well as he could, from our own printing and musical materials. Only a portion of the air, "What fairy-like music," is given,—simply enough to convey an idea of the design. T stands for treble, B for base. The letters that are *hyphened*, signify a *chord*, and are to be struck together

To the Music Committee of the N. Y. Institution for the Blind.

GENTLEMEN:—After a long and tedious research in the science of music, I believe I have at last succeeded in producing a *system* by which music of all descriptions, and without limit, may be written for the use of the Blind. This I say without hesitation, having had it thoroughly examined by those who are well known in the community by their attainments in the art. To enter into a minute detail of its connection with the system in general use, would occupy too much of your valuable time. I intend, therefore, to give you as brief an outline as possible of its construction.

The keys of the piano are designated by the first seven letters of the alphabet, called an octave. No matter how many octaves on the key-board, the whole is but a repetition of the first; the only difference being the position they occupy in the scale. To represent those keys on paper (according to the system in general use) lines and spaces are used. On each line or space, as occasion may require, a character is placed called a note, which is no more nor less, than a sign, to show how long the key should be held after being touched by the finger. As the keys of the piano and the first seven letters of the alphabet are called by the same name, I have taken LETTERS in place of lines and spaces, and attached to them the signs in general use: that is, the *name* of the notes, indicative of length. This, comparatively speaking, renders the first part of my system complete.

The next thing was to find a method to express my plan on paper, in a manner to render it intelligible to those acquainted with music. On the piano, central C is considered, by all musicians, as the dividing line between Base and Treble. I have drawn a line between F sharp and G (first above) for my Treble sign; and a line between the first F sharp and G below the central C, for my Base sign. All the sounds occurring between my Treble sign and a note of the same name *an octave above*, are expressed by letters placed horizontally above the line. All the sounds occurring between my treble sign and a note of the same name an octave *below*, are written horizontally below the line. If the music should go an octave above the treble sign, it is only necessary *to draw another line*, which I do, and write the letters above it, as before: but, according to an excellent suggestion made by Mr. Chamberlain, the lines, which designate the octaves, may be done away with, by turning the letters one square to the left for each octave above or below the treble sign. This gives immediately at each side of one line, all the music written for the right hand. The music for the left hand, is written on each side of the base line, as above described for the right. The characters used to write the music, are shaped thus:



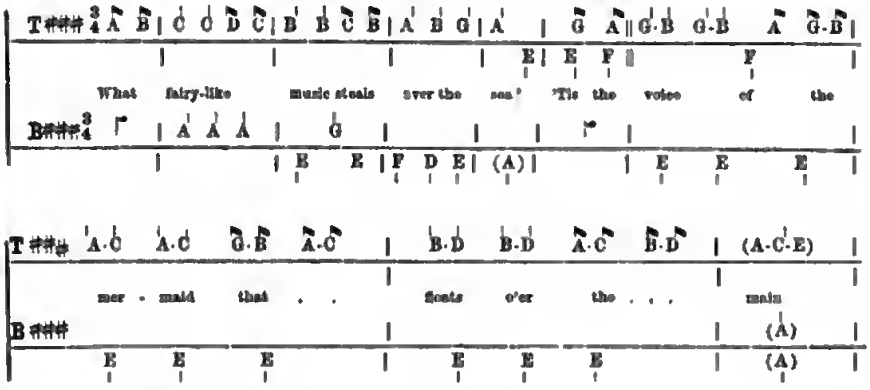
and thus with each of the seven letters. As examples in melody and harmony may be seen in the specimens which accompany this, I deem any further explanation unnecessary at present. Believe me yours truly,

C. MABOVEY.

Graduate of the N. Y. Inst. for the Blind.

* These parenthesis should be a complete circle

WHAT FAIRY LIKE MUSIC.



Fifth Lecture on Music.

MR. FRY gave his fifth lecture on Friday evening. Subject, *the Voice*. His personal illustrations at the piano, rather took the audience by surprise, who were not aware that Mr. Fry was a vocalist, as well as a composer, writer and lecturer. The course is now half through, and we recommend such as have not been present during the series to seize the present opportunity before Mr. Fry's departure for Boston, where, we understand, he is to meet with a warm and sympathetic welcome

The Home Journal for 1853.

THE *Home Journal* (which is published by Messrs. Morris & Willis, at 107 Fulton street, at *two dollars a year, in advance*,) is one of the newspapers we read;—we always read it *through*,—and so does every member of our family. And this is its fate, so far as we know, in every family where it is taken And now we are to have a new volume, which to be more attractive than any of its predecessors. The experienced and distinguished editors, Messrs. GEO. P. MORRIS and N. P. WILLIS, aided by their able coadjutor, KENT, will present in its columns the very pick and cream of novelty, incident, literature, and foreign news. All who desire to cultivate the *memorable*, the *progressive*, and the *beautiful*, and to be kept posted-up in art, literature and general intelligence, will find the *Home Journal* "just what they want" It would be a good companion for our own journal: and we will send it and *The Musical World & Times*, one year, to any person who will forward us FOUR DOLLARS,—*which is one dollar less than the usual price of the two journals.*

Mr. Eisfeld's Soirees.

MR. EISFELD gives his third Classical Quartette Soirée on Monday next, at Niblo's Saloon. Prominent among the pieces, are a Quartette for stringed instruments by Onslow, a Trio by Mendelssohn, and a stringed Quartette by Haydn. The rehearsal will take place in the Saloon at 12 o'clock M., precisely. Only four Soirées remain to be given. The subscription price to these is $3 for one admission to each, and $6 75 for three admissions.

☞ The average price of wheat in Russia is seventy-five dollars.

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Musical Studies for the Million.

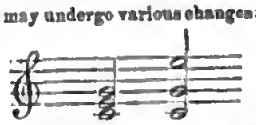
NUMBER XVI.

TRIADS.

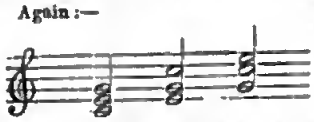
The following is a list of the triads, both in major and minor. We give the degrees of the scale upon which these triads are based.

MAJOR SCALE.	MINOR SCALE.	Whole Number.
Major triad. 1st—4th—5th.	Major triad, 5th—6th.	5.
Minor triad. 2d—3d—6th.	Minor triad, 1st—4th— 7th—(with sharp 4th,)	6.
Diminished triad, 7th.	Diminished triad, 2d—7th	3.
Superfluous triad, None	Superfluous triad, 3d.	1.
Major diminished triad, None.	Major diminished triad, 2d (with sharp 4th.)	1.
Doubly-diminis'd triad, None.	Doubly-diminis'd triad, sharp 4th.	1.

A triad may undergo various changes; thus:—

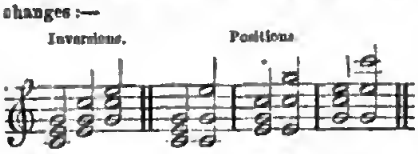


In this case, the fundamental tone maintains its place, and the other two move from it. This is called the first and second *positions* of the triad. Again:—

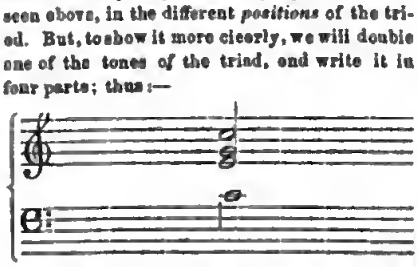


Here, each tone of the triad becomes, in turn, the fundamental, or lowest tone. These are called the first and second *inversions* of the triad. Each of these inversions may also have two different *positions*; thus:—

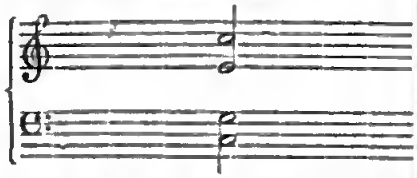
A triad, then, may undergo the following changes:—



A triad may be written in *close* or *dispersed* harmony: that is, the tones may be near each other, or they may be widely apart. This is seen above, in the different *positions* of the triad. But, to show it more clearly, we will double one of the tones of the triad, and write it in four parts; thus:—



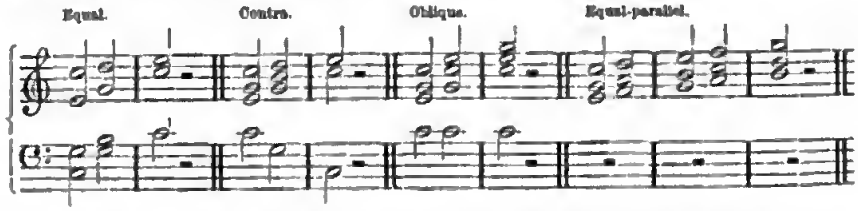
This is called *close* harmony; the tones being near together as possible; again:—



This is called *dispersed* harmony; the tones being separated. The effect to the ear is much more agreeable in dispersed, than close harmony: the triad is more transparent—so to speak—each individual tone is heard with far greater distinctness. It will be necessary, however, to write in both ways, and, in the exercises which are to follow, close and dispersed harmony will both be used.

There are three kinds of musical *motions*. When two or more parts progress the same way, upward or downward, the motion is called *equal*. When parts approach or recede from each other, the motion is called *contra*. When one part is stationary and another moves upward or downward, the motion is called *oblique*. If, in equal motion, the parts proceed together at the *same relative distances*, the motion is called *equal parallel*.

The following are examples of these different kinds of motions:—



Two parts may have at the same time, only one motion; three parts, two motions; four parts, three motions.

In the next Study will be given some of the fundamental laws of harmony, which will be immediately applied in the exercises that are to follow.

SOME NEW YEAR THOUGHTS.

For The Musical World & Times.

Very far down east, near the Penobscot,
And Winnepiscogee,
There lived a queer "old fogy,"
Content with his farm, house and barn. Not
A spot
Could surpass the green valley and cot,
Where my "governor" lived. Ah! you should see,
As did my young eyes, the old elm tree,
As it shaded the spring,
Which mirrored my face;
You should hear the lark sing,
As he flew into space!
There I slaked my thirst, then climbed the tree,
That old elm tree, on purpose to see
The trim-built nest,—
A place of rest,
Which a robin had lined so carefully:
And all day long.
A sweet, sad song
Was poured, 'till I sang respondingly.

One summer night,
The stars shone bright,
I heard a sound which my soul still hears—
'Twas a sound that thrilled with hopes and fears.
The night was warm: in my tiny bed
I lay a-dreaming of nothing ill;
When, heaven-attuned, near my head
Sang a lone bird, "whip-poor-will."
From that hour I loved all sweet sounds,
From grave to gay. My heart abounds
With a full, strange gladness, when I hear
A light-winged, feathered songster near.
A bob-o'-link quite sets me crazy,
Singing his buffo songs in ways he
Deems Lablache might envy!
While robbins a-mating, as towards the skies
They sing, are Grisis and Marios in disguise,
Save their notes, they nor sell, nor lend ye!
But give them outright, in most measureless melody,
Yea, making earth glad with their unbought melody.

* * * *

Those old home-scenes! Forever gone
Voices that sung, and "eyes that shone"
Birds and trees, and evening breeze,
Smiles and tones of the loved ones,—these
Have left an undying music writ
On Memory's brightest page, and lit
With Hope's enduring, joyous smile,
That bids all fear depart the while.
Long years have passed! I need not say,
A musical life is my choice this day.
With left eye on Fifty-two, I steer,
With the right, straight into the New Year

* * *

Presto! now eastward my pegasus flies,
Nor stops till he breathes beneath Italy's skies
Just fancy a Yankee New Yorker at Naples,
Inquiring about all the musical staples.
I am not so green as to sneer at a Verdi,
Who caters to tastes of republicans sturdy;
Whose melodies, made of material brassy,
Are certain to please a proscribed lad or lassie,
Whose Dukes strut and rage in sublime recitation,
Whose Kings are the pink of a future creation.
Such Kings, it is certain, have never existed,
Who, like Verdi's forsooth, can be turned and be twisted,
To act as by mercy, to pardon a rival,
To court a reformer, and so a revival!
Rossini is called for by all dilletante,
Bellini still holds of admirers a plenty.
Lucia, Lucrezia and Anna Bolena
Still give Donizetti a chance for a scena.
Yet Italy! Italy! wake from thy slumbers,
And give us the power of thine ancient numbers.

With a bound,
I am found
In the city of Boulevards. Palace Parisien,
Gothic temple and Grecian arrest my glad vision.
Modern centre of Art,
What a strange, strange part
Art thou playing in sight of the Nations' derision!
Thy press is in irons,
And darkness environs
Thy scholars, poets,—all but thy soldiers' decision
It were well, if thy masters of song could assemble,
And chant of true Freedom till tyrants should tremble.
But alas! dreff Meyerbeer hates reformation,—
Vide "Prophet" and "Huguenots" for explanation
Then Auber is not the free-liberty fellow
He was, when he wrote his rich "Masaniello."
Now Halevy goods alone, wandering Hebrew,
'Till the poor Jew dies, and pray what else could he do?
Thus I strive to go back, and I stumble on Adam,
But his music and plots seem as Poverty had 'em
And your Wolff and your Prudent, light-fingered popinjays,
Pummell the piano, and prettily hop in ways
Curious to see!
Particularly
When "grand fantasie"
Is announced in the bills. But chiefly improvements
In Reiche, Bertini,
And old Cherubini
May be seen. And between ye
And me, their best music is founded in fugue. All their movements
Have subjects of strength and decision,
Which they treat with a rare mental vision.

Haste I now to land of Handel,
Handel, who, like star to candle,
Shines upon each lone successor

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Called "composer" or "professor."
Land of Bach and father Haydn,
Land of many a blue-eyed maiden;
Home of Mozart and Beethoven!—
Scene where Soul and Nature, woven
In bright beauty, gave a Schiller,
Göethe, and that great fulfiller
Of more modern Art's prediction—
Mendelssohn.
It is no fiction
Claims my credence, when this nation
Boasts of such a reputation.
Past hath spoken, and the Future
May do just as much to suit your
Fancy, ye musicians;
But, in your positions,
Judge ye well of masters living
Neukomm and Spohr,
And many more,
May arrest no stray misgiving
That last new man,
Robert Schumann,
Asks my regard to these stories misty,
Paris and Manfreds. Baton in fist, he
Mephistophelianly assists ye!

Methinks it were wiser to cease this poor wandering,
And lead a good life of mere Christianly pondering.
Schneider von Wartensee, Marx and Hauptmann
Teachers profound,
In your daily round,
But the young student, "never to doubt man
God is above us!
Christ,—he hath loved us,
And their Spirit shall dwell with the lover of truth, man!"

Now to "merrie England" flies my
Steed poetic, and my cries high
Startle some stray cockney players
Into very nervous weighers
Of my words. "And what composer
Have you living?" 'Tis a poser!
They could point to many a "dead man,"
But of living, not a red man.
"Matthew Locke and Harry Purcell,"—
Thus they say in vexed rehearsal—
"Morley, Gibbons, Croft and Blow, sir,
Are enough for us to know, sir,
Down the stream of time a-sailing.
Please observe, and stop your railing.
See arise, 'successor' Boyce, sir,
Kent and Clark, and Crotch, whose voice, sir,
Sounds from 'Palestine' so lofty"——
"Hush! a moment, friends,"—thus soft I
Chide their mem'ries. "Never lean a
Bit on these; from Palestrina
They learned all. And as to late days,
All agree the scroll of Fate says,
Bishop now most justly merits
None no child of his inherits!
Bennett and Macfarren labor,
But Mendelssohn was too near neighbor
Your authors in Opera might have solace,
But the Celt claims all,—Rooke, Balfe and Wallace."

Yet this day I will not forget,
That in England a price is set
Upon Handel and Haydn, higher far
Than wealth of Ind, or golden bar.
From any clime. And here convened
Those thousand-voiced companies,
United in grand harmonies,
In praise of Heav'n and Heav'nly King,
Organ and harp, and wind and string
Join in the glorious Festival;
Noble and peasant, great and small,
"Hallelujah" sing
To Heaven's King—
The "Lord of Lords"—God above all!

Back to my native land!
I tread once more the strand,
Sacred to God and to Liberty:
Bones of my Pilgrim-sires,
Burned in their martyr-fires!
Teach me new songs of Fidelity

By the vow I have taken,
I will not be shaken
In purpose to meet out strict justice,
Every shallow pretender,
Or grosser offender,
Should, by duty, be punished. Thus 'tis
Fair that all musical pioneers
Be judged by their fruits in after years
Thus, our friends, Messrs. Mason & Hastings,
Notwithstanding some pretty sharp bastings,
Still work a great good, and it may be,
Their descendants will see that a way be
Resolved on for raising the standard
Of Art among that mighty vanguard,
The People.
But now there is clearly
Too much of this book-making merely
Name is won upon stock trans-Atlantic,
And we bow to the dictum pedantic,
Born in Britain,—"American music,
Like their books, it will only make you sick"
Listen well, ye composers ambitious!
And believe that no Fate will, propitious,
Expectant await your dear Operas
Labour still, but take note of these shop-cries,
Days of dollars and goods, and of humbug,
When their gold, like a first love, do some hug

But be not deceived! For reaction will come,
When Art, like Religion, shall here have a home.

Miscellaneous Musical News.

—Music in Mississippi.—

(Extract from a private letter.)

It is distressing to think, that in a rich, and beautiful country like this, there is not the least cultivated taste for music—nothing beyond strumming a Waltz or Polka on the piano, or singing a negro melody. The household establishments are superior; equipages fine; and there are numbers of pianos of the best finish. But, beyond this, nothing can be said. It is a perfect Boeotia as regards the musical art.

Now Sirs, were it not that I fear to trespass upon your time, I would show you that the fault is not with the people here; they desire the best education in every respect for their children, and are willing to spend, and have spent freely for that purpose. You at the North are mainly responsible for this evil. Numberless young persons from those regions are educated with yours, and such teachers as we have, come from the Northern States always well recommended. Yet, in sixteen years residence in the interior of the South, I have never seen a tolerably taught musical scholar return from your schools, with the exception of three or four from a Mrs. Conder's, (that is as near as I can get the name.) in your city. As to the teachers, there was not one in twenty that I could not have instructed to advantage myself, and if there be a monstrum horrendum to me on earth, it is a Down East Music Teacher; especially the feminines. Understand, I mean those that inflict themselves upon *this* country;—I know that there are many deserving the highest honors in their own. The press is believed to be the Panacea for all evils and ignorance. Subscribing to this doctrine as I do, my hopes for a better future for these regions, is in the use you are making of it (the Press). May God speed and prosper your undertaking, for very certainly the sublimest part of devotion due him, is involved in the cause.

What a blessing would your *Music for the million* have been to my young days, had it then existed. How many a *Pons Asinorum* of that day I can now remember, that your work has made a clear smooth high way. How the rising generation of devotees should bless you for so smoothing and rendering cheerful the road to their musical Mecca!

But I must stop: pardon me for so detaining you. Music is a first love with me; and I cannot help being garrulous when the subject is once started.

Very respectfully yours. T. D.

—Washington.—

Mr. Editor:—Our musical entertainments have opened very well for the season. The "Columbia Musical Association," composed of resident instrumental performers, have given two very respectable concerts, being assisted in each by professional female singers; and the proficiency exhibited won for the Association the favor of our community. The "Philharmonic," too, are making preparations for a few grand concerts, at an early day. * * * * Alboni and Sontag recently visited our city, with their accompanying assistants, and both met with a friendly reception. Neither, perhaps, could have desired more satisfactory tokens of approbation than she received, and both responded in their happiest manner. The President of the United States and our public men generally, honored each with their company, and all their concerts went off brilliantly. Ozark.

—Camden.—

There is a flourishing school in this place, called the *Wilson Female Seminary*, in which great attention is paid to music, both vocal and instrumental. We have recently received interesting and encouraging letters from Prof. Suizner, in regard to the growth of music in that section of the country; and, taking his statements in connection with the tangible fact presented in a large list of subscribers to *The Musical World & Times* which he has sent us, we have no hesitation in saying that the musical knowledge and taste of the inhabitants of Camden and vicinity—especially of the young ladies—are of a superior order. We hope to hear often from our friends in Camden.

Foreign.

From the London Musical World.

—Weimar.—

The success of Hector Berlioz here has been remarkable. His opera of *Benvenuto Cellini*, which the musical public of Paris failed to understand, has been fully appreciated at this artistic capital. Berlioz was present at the two first representations of his work. The execution, on the whole, was admirable. The Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar has conferred upon Berlioz the decoration of the White Falcon. The artists presented him with a silver *baton*, and combined with a large body of amateurs gave him a grand dinner in the Hotel de Ville. The dinner was followed by a ball. The *cantata of Romeo and Juliet* was performed entire with the most complete success. Berlioz was summoned forward at the end, loudly applauded by the audience, and complimented by the Grand Duke and the Princesses of Prussia. It has been mentioned that one or two of the Leipsic critics who abuse every composer except Robert Schumann, came to Weimar for the purpose of anathematizing Berlioz, but went away entirely converted by *Benvenuto Cellini*.

—Bremen.—

Our readers will hear with pleasure that Mr. Hamilton Braham has been singing at the theater here with distinguished success. The papers praise highly both his voice and talent.

—Paris.—

At the Italiens, Rossini's *Otello* has been followed by Bellini's *Sonnambula*. The Amina was Mdlle. Bertramelli (alias Mdlle. Bertrandi.) Her success was fair, and many parts of her performance meritorious. Calzolari and Belletti were the Elvino and Rodolpho. Meanwhile the star of Verdi is once more rising, and the editors are in ecstacies. *Luisa Miller* is in preparation for Sophie Cruvelli, whose unrivalled talents are now no longer disputed. The incomparable Vivier has returned from Constantinople, in good health and spirits, more spiritual and fascinating than ever.

—Stockholm.—

Mlle. Normani, a young English *prima donna*, to whose continental career we have more than once alluded, has created a great sensation here as Fides, in the *Prophète* of Meyerbeer. So great has been her success with the public, that every place in the theater was secured for ten nights in advance.

—Barcelona.—

Mad. Julienne has completely won the suffrages of the Barcelonese public. Her success augments nightly. Her Louisa Miller, in Verdi's Opera so called, the reception of which has already been recorded, was followed by Linda in Donizetti's *Linda di Chamouni*. Her performance of this character is warmly praised by the Barcelona journals.

The London Musical World.

Will the editors, or publishers, or controllers (whoever they may be) of the *London Musical World*, please give us credit for articles taken from our columns? Will these gentlemen also please give us our proper and right name, at all times? The name of this journal is *The Musical World & Times*; when quoted by foreign papers it should be called the *New York Musical World & Times*. It should never be called the *Musical Times*, or the *New York Musical Times*. Please remember: The *New York Musical World & Times*.

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Music.

In attempting to define the sister arts of Music and Painting, we would say, broadly, that the one is supplied from inward sentiments, the other from outward observation: therefore, that in presenting them to the comprehension and enjoyment of a race of beings compounded of body and spirit, the art consists in giving to music a form, and to painting a soul; that it is no argument both of our earthly and heavenly natures that music must be materialised and painting spiritualised to fit them for our service, since only a higher order of beings can be supposed to partake of their ineffable beauties in their abstract essence, and converse with art as they do with truth, face to face. We mean no comparison to the relative value and beauty of these two arts, feeling sure that, however distinct their lines of light may appear to us here, they unite in one radiant point beyond our sight, though visible to true artist faith. Nor are we less assured that each art is equally favorable to that purity of life and high spiritual attainment to which all great poetic gifts are intended to contribute as a subordinate but still divine revelation; but inasmuch as the process of music is necessarily from within to without, as the very depth of its source requires it to pass through so much of this earth before it reaches the surface of our perceptions, music is of all others that art which is more especially placed at the mercy of mankind. The painter, when he has completed his picture, rests from his labor—it requires nothing further of his hands. It stands there in silent independence, needing nothing but the light of Heaven to convey it to the organ by which it is admitted to the mind. But the offspring of the musician is born dumb—it reaches no ear but his own, and that a mental one—it has to appeal to others to give it voice and being. Men and women, subject to all the caprices and corruptions of their kind—and those of the mere material musician are among the meanest in the world—wood and wire, and brass and catgut, liable to every variation of the atmosphere, are indispensable to its very existence; and thus the composer and his composition are separated by a medium which too often reflects dishonor, though unfairly so, on the art itself. As Guido, in the prologue to his Antiphonarium, bitterly says of those who for centuries were the only instruments of music, namely, singers,—

> Musicorum et Cantorum
> Magna est distantia;
> Isti dicunt—illi sciunt,
> Quæ componit Musica:—
> Nam qui facit quod non sapit,
> Definitur Bestia.

It is a strange thing, the subtle form and condition of music. When the composer has conceived it in his mind, the music itself is not there;—when he has committed it to paper, it is still not there;—when he has called together his orchestra and choristers from the north and the south, it is there—but gone again when they disperse. It has always, as it were, to put on mortality afresh. It is ever being born anew, but to die away and leave only dead notes and dumb instruments behind. No wonder that there should have been men of shallow reasoning powers or defective musical feelings, who in the fugitiveness of the form have seen only the frivolity of the thing, and tried to throw contempt upon it accordingly. But in truth such critics have hit upon the highest argument in favor of the art; for how deep, on the contrary, must be the foundations of that pleasure which has so precarious a form of outward expression; how intensely must that enjoyment be interwoven with the Godlike elements of our being, in which mere outward sense has or fleeting a share! The very limitation of its material resources is the greatest proof of its spiritual powers. We feel its influence to be so heavenly, that, were it not for the greatness of our natures, we should take it in not by the small channel of the ear alone, but by every pore of our frames. What is the medium of communication when compared with the effect on our minds? It is as if we were mysteriously linked with some spirit from the other world, which can only put itself en *rapport* with us, as long as we are here, through a slight and evanescent vibration of the air, yet even that all-sufficient to show the intensity of the sympathy.

> "Whence art thou—from what causes dost thou spring,
> O Music! thou divine mysterious thing?"

We ask the question in vain, as we must ever do when we would follow paths which lose themselves in the depths of our being. We only know, and only can know of music, that its science is an instinct of our nature—its subjects the emotions of our hearts—that at every step we advance in its fundamental laws we are but deciphering what is written within us, not transcribing anything from without. We know that the law which requires that after three whole notes a half note must succeed, is part of ourselves—a necessity in nor being—one of the signs that distinguish man from the brute, but which we shall never account for till we are able to account for all things.

As to the hackneied doctrine that derives the origin of music from the outward sounds of nature, none but poets could have conceived, or lovers be justified in repeating it. Granting even that the singing of birds, the rippling of brooks, the murmuring of winds, might have suggested some ideas in the gradual development of the art, all history, as well as the evidence of common sense, proves that they gave no help whatsoever at the commencement. The savage has never been inspired by them: his music, when he has any, is a mere noise, not deducible by any stretch of the imagination from such sounds of nature. The national melodies of various countries give no evidence of any influence from without. A collection of native airs from different parts of the world will help us to no theory as to whether they have been composed in valleys or no plains, by resounding sea-shores or by roaring waterfalls. There is nothing in the music itself which tells of the natural sounds most common in the desolate steppes of Russia, the woody Sierras of Spain, or the rocky glens of Scotland. What analogy there exists is solely with the inward character of the people themselves, and that too profound to be theorized upon. If we search the works of the earliest composers, we find not the slightest evidence of their having been inspired by any outward agencies. Not till the art stood upon its own independent foundations does it appear that any musician ever thought of turning such natural sounds to account: and—though with Beethoven's exquisite Pastoral Symphony ringing in our ears, with its plaintive clarionet cuckoo to contradict our words—we should say that no compositions could be of a high class in which such sounds were conspicuous.

The connexion between sound and numbers is a fact which at once invests music with the highest dignity. It is like adding to the superstructure of a delicate flower the roots of no oak of the forest. Far from being a frivolous art, meant only for the pastime of the senses in hours of idleness, it would seem to be of such importance to mankind that we are expressly furnished with a double means of testing its truth. The simple instinct of a correct ear and the closest calculations of a mathematical head give the same verdict. Science proves what the ear detects—the ear ratifies what science asserts—instinct and demonstration coalesce as they do with no other art: for though the same species of identity exists between the rules of perspective and the intuition of a correct eye, yet the science in this instance is neither so profound nor the instinct as acute. The mere fact that music and mathematics should be allied is a kind of phenomenon. One can hardly believe how Euclid and Jenny Lind should have any common bond of union; but deep in the secret caverns of the mind the materials from which both are supplied mingle in one common source, and the paths which have conducted a Galileo, a Kepler, and a Herschel to the profoundest abstractions the human mind is capable of, have started from the sweet portals of musical sound.

But the natural history of music is full of wonders. Wherever we look into its inherent elements we are met by signs of precautionary care. It is as if the Giver of all good gifts had presided over the construction of this one with especial love, fencing it round with every possible natural security for its safe development, and planting it among those instincts we have least power to pervert. The sense of *time* is alone a marvellous guarantee—a conscience which no other art possesses in the same measure—the order of which to music is first law—the pulse which regulates the health of the whole impalpable body—the first condition of musical being—an invisible framework to which the slippery particles of sound are knit together for action—a natural regularity which we can only bear to hear transgressed from the pleasurable suspense in which the mind is kept for its return; for the suspensions in the musical world, unlike those in the moral, have the blessed property of never bringing disappointment in their train. How deep the sense of time implanted in the human breast, when the mere motion of a little bit of stick, and that not governed by any piece of nicely-constructed mechanism, but by the sole will of one capricious dandy, can supply it in ample abundance to an orchestra of five hundred performers! But the true timist in time all over—his outward man is one general conductor—eye, ear, or touch are alike susceptible to the electric fluid of true musical measure—you may communicate it to him by the palms of his hands or the soles of his feet. One can hardly imagine a state of corporeal infirmity or mutilation which could render him insensible to this law. He may be blind or lame, he may be paralysed from head to foot, or may have left half his limbs on the field of battle, it matters not—while he has sufficient body left to house his mind, the sense of time will not desert him.

The readiness with which the memory lends itself to the service of music is another standing phenomenon peculiar to her. By what mysterious paradox does it come to pass that what the mind receives with the most passivity it is enabled to retain with the most fidelity—laying up the choicest morsels of musical entertainment in its storehouses, to be ready for spontaneous performance without our having so much as the trouble of summoning them? For not even the exertion of our will is required: a thought—ay, less than a thought—the slightest breath of a hint is sufficient to set the exquisitely sensitive strings of musical memory vibrating; and often we know not what manner of an idea it is that has just fluttered across our minds, but for the melody, or fragment of a melody, it has awakened in its passage. By what especial favor is it that the ear is permitted a readier access to the cells of memory, and a steadier lodging when there, than any of the other organs? Pictures, poetry, thoughts, hatred, loves, promises of course, are all more fleeting than *tunes*! These we may let lie buried for years—they never moulder in the grave—they come back as fresh as ever, yet showing the depth at which they have lain by the secret associations of joy or sorrow they bring with them. There is no such pitiless invoker of the ghosts of the past as one bar of a melody that has been connected with them. There is no such sigh escapes from the heart as that which follows in the train of some musical reminiscence.

With all this array of natural advantages—science to endow her—instinct to regulate—memory to help her—what is it after all that Music can do? Is the result proportionate to her means? Does she enlighten our views, or enlarge our understandings? Can she make or more intelligent or more prudent, or more practical or more moral? No, but she can make us more *romantic*; and that is what we want now-a-days more than anything else. She can give us pleasures we cannot account for, and raise feelings we cannot reason upon; she can transport us into a sphere where selfishness and worldliness have no part to play; her whole domain, in short, lies in that much-abused land of romance—the only objection to which in real life is that mankind are too weak and too wicked to be trusted in it. This she offers unreservedly to our range—with her attendant spirits, the feelings and the fancy, in every form of spiritual and earthly emotions, of fair or fantastic vision, stationed at the portals to beckon and welcome us in. But if she cannot captivate us by these means, she tries no other. She appeals neither to our reason, our principles, nor our honor. She can as little point a moral as she can paint a picture. She can neither be witty, satirical, nor personal. There is no Hogarth in music. Punch can give her no place to his staff. She cannot reason and she cannot preach; but, also, she cannot wound, and she cannot defile. She is the most innocent companion of the Loves and Graces; for real romance is always innocent. Music is not pure to the pure only, she is pure to all. We can only make her a means of harm when we add speech to sound. It is only by a marriage with words that she can become minister of evil. An instrument which is music, and music alone, enjoys the glorious disability of expressing a single vicious idea, or of inspiring a single corrupt thought. It is an anomaly in human history—how any form of religion can condemn an organ; for it could not say an impious thing if it would. "Every police director," as Hoffman says in his *Phantasie Stücke*, "may safely give his testimony to the utter innocuousness of a newly-invented musical instrument, in all matters touching religion, the state, and public morals; and every music-master may unhesitatingly pledge his word to the parents of his pupils that his new sonata does not contain one reprehensible idea"—unless he have smuggled it into the dedication. Music never makes men think, and that way lies the mischief: she is the purest Samerit of the feelings. The very Fall seems to have spared her department. It is as if she had taken possession of the heart before it became desperately wicked, and had ever since kept her portion of it free from the curse, making it her glorious avocation upon earth to teach us nothing but the ever higher and higher enjoyment of no innocent pleasure. No means therefore can be disproportionate to such an end

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How fortunate that an art thus essentially incorrupt should reign over a greater number of hearts than any other! If poetry and painting have their thousands, music has her tens of thousands. Indeed we should hardly deem that man a responsible being whose heart had not some weak point by which the voice of the charmer could enter; for it enters his better part. Not that it is possible to form any theory of the class of minds most susceptible of her influence—facts stop and contradict us at every step. The question lies too close at the sanctuary of our being not to be overshadowed by its mystery. There are no given signs by which we can predicate that one man has music in his soul, and another has not. Voltaire is commonly stated to have been a hater and despiser of the art of sweet sounds; but there is perhaps as much evidence against the assertion, as for it, in his works. Grétry says of him that he would sit with a discontented face whilst music was going on—which, considering what French music was in his time, might argue not a worse ear than his neighbors', but a better. But granting Voltaire had no musical sympathies in him,—and it goes against our consciences to think he had,—his friend and fellow-thinker, Frederick of Prussia, had them in a great degree; and a man as unlike both as this world could offer, the late Dr. Chalmers, had none at all—except, of course, that he liked a Scotch air, as all Scotchmen, by some merciful provision of nature, appear to do. Then it may seem natural to our preconceived ideas that such a mind as Horace Walpole's should have no capacity for musical pleasure; but by what possible analogy was it that Charles Lamb's should have just as little? How came it to pass that Rousseau, the worthless ancestor of all Radicals, was an enthusiastic and profound musician—while Dr. Johnson, the type of old Toryism, did not know one tune from another; or that Luther pronounced music to be one of the best gifts of Heaven, and encouraged the study of it by precept and example, while Calvin and Knox persecuted it as a snare of the Evil One, and conscientiously condemned it to perpetual degration in their churches? All we can say is, that the majority pay her homage—that it is one of her heavenly attributes to link those natures together whom nothing else can unite. Men of the most opposite characters and lives that history can produce *fraternize* in music. If Alfred loved her, so did Nero; if Cœur de Lion was a sweet musician, so was Charles IX.; if George III. delighted in all music, so did Henry VIII.; if the hero of our own times, the motto of whose life has been *duty*, is musical both by nature and inheritance, his antagonist Napoleon at least hummed opera tunes. Oliver Cromwell bade a musician ask of him what favor he pleased. John Wesley remonstrated against leaving all the good tunes to the Devil. Every private family could quote some domestic torment and some domestic treasure, alike in nothing else but in the love for music. There is no forming any system of judgment. There is no looking round in a concert-room and saying in one's heart, these people are all of one way of thinking—they are all intelligent, or all humane, or all poetical. There is no broad mark: young and old—high and low—passionate and meek—wise and foolish—babies, idiots, insane people—all, more or less, like music. At most there are some who are indifferent, or fancy themselves so, as much from want of opportunity as of taste—some who don't care for bad music, and never hear good—if so hard a lot can be imagined—but there is only one class of men who *condemn* it, and these are Pharisees; and there is only one order of beings, according to Luther, who *hate* it, and those are devils.

But,

"If Music and sweet Poetry agree,
As needs they must, the sister and the brother,"

it is among the poets that we shall find the most invariable appreciation of the art of numbers. And what a row of undying names rise at the mere suggestion—all bound up with melodious associations—who have done due homage to the power of sound, and been in just return linked for ever with her most exquisite productions, thus sending their immortal ideas in double channels to the heart! Shakspeare, whose world-hackneyed mottoes come over our minds with freshened power and truth, as we seek to analyse what he at once defined—nowhere with such instinctive truth as in the words he has put into Caliban's mouth—

"The isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not;"

Milton—music-descended—who, when the chord of sweet sound is struck, dwells upon it with such melting luxuriance of enjoyment, exalts it with such solemn grandeur of feeling, and clothes it with such sounding harmony of verse as makes us feel as if an earlier Handel might have been given to the world, if a previous Milton had not been needful to inspire him;—old Cowley, too, who asks the same question all have asked—

"Tell me, oh Muse! for thou, or none, canst tell
The mystic powers that in blest numbers dwell"—

though he goes on, in the fantastic metaphor of the day, to relate how Chaos first

"To numbers and fixed rules was brought
By the Eternal mind's poetic thought;
Water and air He for the tenor chose,
Earth made the base, the treble flame arose;"—

and Dryden, who overflows with love for the art, and has left in Alexander's Feast a manual of musical mesmerism never to be surpassed. Who will also not think of Collins—and his death listening to the distant choir of Chichester?

Yet from many poets music receives only that conventional homage which one art pays to another. We need hardly recall Pope's poetry—nor Swift's—nor Goethe's, to know that she had no zealous worshippers in them—all men of better heads than hearts, who understood the feelings more by a process of anatomy than by sympathy. Others, again, feel the contingent poetry attending particular music too much to be real enthusiasts for the music itself. Byron loved the music that came to him "o'er the waters." Burns was too much possessed with the "tuning of the heart" to have any cold judgment about that of the voice. Scott loved the hum of the bagpipe, and would have liked the beating of the tom-tom had it been Scotch—though the verse of each has been as much a fund of inspiration to the musician as if, like Moore, they themselves could have sung as well as they have written. We should question Mr. Wordsworth's musical sympathies, direct or indirect. The materials of his poetry are not akin to music. We do not long to set his deep thoughts to melody—they leave nothing unexpressed for the musician to say. No poet who has been so much read has been so little sung. Nor does music in her turn seem to inspire him with poetry: he tells us, for example, of the *Ranz de Vaches*—

"I listen, but no faculty of mine
Avails those modulations to detect,
Which, heard in foreign lands, the Swiss affect
With tenderest passion."

A musician might have said this—a mere musician—but, we confess, we are rather puzzled with it from so true a poet.

It is curious to observe in this as in every other art, how the two extremes combine the greatest number of admirers. Handel and Jullien hold the two ends of the great net which draws all mankind; the one catching the ear with the mere beat of time, the other subduing the heart with the sense of eternity. But it is in the wide territory between them that the surest instincts must be tried. Here, there are amateurs of every shade and grade; some learned in one instrument, others infatuated for one performer; some who listen ignorantly, others intelligently, but both gratefully, to whatever is really music; others again, conspicuous as musical wickedness in high places, who care for none but their own. Doubtless some acquaintance with the principles of the art, and practical skill of hand, greatly enhances the pleasure of the listener; but still it is a sorrowful fact that the class of individuals who contentedly perform that speech of self-serenade which goes by the ominous title of "playing a little" are the last in whom any real love for it is to be found. There is something in the small retailing of the arts, be it music, painting, or poetry, which utterly emasculates all sense of their real beauty. There is a certain pitch of strumming and scraping which must be got over, or they had better never have touched a note.

Apparently the highly-gifted and cultivated amateur, on the other hand, is one of the most enviable creatures in the world. Beauty must always dazzle, and wealth buy; but an disparity in the respective powers of attraction ever strikes us as so great as that which exists between the woman who has only to lift her hand or open her mouth to give pleasure, and her who sits by and can do neither. But we know that superiority of all kinds must have its penalties, and none more keenly felt than in the ranks of private musical excellence; and though the first-rate amateur may command all the higher enjoyments of the art, without those concomitants of labor, anxiety, and risk which devolve on the professed artist—though she may be spared all the hardships and many of the temptations which lie so thick in the path of her professional sisters yet the draught of excitement is pernicious to all alike, and one which we instinctively shrink from seeing at the lips of those we love. Not that we would disparage such a position. It is, and always will be, an enviable one to be able to confer pleasure at will, and generally a lovely and becoming one in the person of a woman. We know, too, that there are cool heads and pure hearts who can innocuously breathe the incense of admiring crowds, and who walk humble and unwilling Juggernauts over every form of adulation, little as it is usually believed of them; but even such, in the universal equalization of human happiness, have their trials, and keen ones too; and among them that of perpetually feeling their better selves overlooked in the homage paid to an adventitious gift.

Upon the whole, we are inclined to think that the most really envious partaker of musical felicity, the one in whom the pleasure is most pure for himself and least selfish for others, is he who has no stake of vanity or anxiety in the matter, but who sits at overture, symphony, or chorus, with closed eyes and swimming senses; brightens at major keys, saddens at minor; smiles at modulations, he knows not why; and then goes forth to his work next morning with steady hand and placid brow, while ever and anon the irrepressible echoes of past sounds break forth over desk or counter into jocund or plaintive hummings, as if the memory were rejoicing too much in her sweet thefts to be able to conceal them. Happy hummings these for wife or sister, to whose voice or piano he is for ever a petitioner for pleasures it is a pleasure to give, and who lead him with "that exquisite bit of Beethoven" as with a silken string.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Answers to Correspondents.

R. I. W. P., Winchester.—"Can a Violoncello, worth buying, be bought for twenty dollars; I don't want an indifferent one"—A good instrument, peg-head, with bow, can be had for $20; Ditto, patent-head $25; packing and box, one dollar extra.

PROF. Chas. L., Asheville.—Sorry to hear such bad news in relation to your concert trip. Have not received the $15, from Messrs Pilz, Kapp & Co. Shall be glad to help you in any way we can. By the way, you did not enclose the "notices" from the Raleigh papers, to which you refer in your letter.

ORANG., Washington.—Much obliged for your letter. We have no such programmes as you mention.

P. L. K., Charleston.—The address of J. G. B. was effaced by the postage stamps adhering to the letter, so we sent the papers to you.

G. H., Washington.—Your paper was ordered to be discontinued by the P. M. at Washington, Dec. 15.

The Philharmonic.

THE New York Philharmonic Society will give the second concert of their 10th season, at Niblo's Saloon, on Saturday evening, the 15th instant.

Reasons why all ought to Sing.

BIRD, whose first work in 1563 was dedicated to the Lord Chancellor of England, gives these eight reasons why every one ought to learn to sing.

1. It is a knowledge easilie taught, and quicklie learned.
2. An exercise delightfulie to nature.
3. It dothe strengthene all partes of ye breasts, and dothe open ye pipes.
4. Good remedie for stutteringe.
5. Best means to make a good orator.
6. It is the onlie ways to knowe where nature hath bestowed the benefytte of a good voyce.
7. There is not onie musicke of instruments, comparable to yt whiche is made by the voyce.
8. The better ye voyce is, the meeter it is to honor and serve God therewithe.

Since singynge is soe goode a thinge,
I wish alle men wouldc learne to singe.

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MUSIC FOR THE SABBATH. No. 3.

"As flows the rapid River."

Spanish melody—arranged by W. TILLINGHAST.

Tenor.

1. As flows the rap - id riv - er, With chan - nel broad and free; . . . Its wa - ters rip - pling

Alto.

2. As moons are ev - er wan - ing, As hastes the sun a - way, . . . As storm - y winds com-

Treble.

3. Say, hath thy heart its trea - sure Laid up in worlds a - bove? . . . And is it all thy

ev - er, And hast - ing to . . . the sea; So life is on - - ward flow - ing, And

plain - ing Bring on the win - - t'ry day; So fast the night comes o'er us— The

plea - sure, Thy God to praise and love? Be - ware, lest death'a dark riv - er Its

days of of - fered peace, And man is swift - ly go - ing Where calls of mer - - cy cease.

dark - ness of the grave; . . . And death is just be - fore us, God takes the life he gave.

bil - lows o'er thee roll, ... And thou la-ment for ev - - er The ru - in of thy soul.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by Dyer & Willis, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of N Y.

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The Lady's Letter.

C. W. GLOVER.

Moderato.

p

Cres.

f

So you must have "a let - ter," George? Oh! by all means; I've just got a

p

beau - ti - ful pack - et of "Queens," With pret - ty pink edg - es, em-

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boss'd and all that, Ex . act - ly the thing for a lit - tle "cock'd

hat." Just wouldn't mam - ma make a pre - cious to - do, If she

Ad lib.

thought, Master George, I was writ - ing to you; But, as good luck will

have it, she's gone for a drive, And she can't be back much be - fore

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Ad Lib.

half af - ter five, And she can't be back much be - fore half af - ter

five.

Cres.

f

II.

First of all I must tell you, George, I'm so in love,
With—I'm sure you will like him—a dear little dove;
Shall I tell you who gave it me? dear cousin Harry:
And George, we've just taught it love letters to carry;
But George, Harry tells me you saucy Hussars
Only care for love letters to light your cigars;
And he says—I must tell you, it's such a good joke—
That "with soldiers, engagaments end always in smoke!"

III.

Then we've been to such parties, George, night after night!
Such flirting! such waltzing! you'd envy us quite;
Harry took us to Chatham to see the review,
And we talk'd and we laugh'd all the way about you;
He said—but it's half after five I declare!—
And here comes the carriage too, into the square:
Good by! I've no doubt you'll find yourself better,
And George, dear, be sure that you answer my letter!

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"Church Music in America."

The above is the title of a historical and sketchy book the perusal of which has afforded us no little pleasure. Its author is Mr. Nathaniel D. Gould, a patriach in the American Musical profession. Dea. Gould (as every body used to call him) we well remember as having kept a singing school in Boston, long before we were able to sing the Do Re Mi. A vague recollection floats in our mind, of having been present one evening and seeing the young women (on the sly) *eating pickles!*—a not uncommon habit (in that day) at the New England singing schools—the ostensible motive being, *to clear the voice.*

Dea. Gould, however, trained them, musically, in the way they should go, and one piece they sang, quite affected us at the time, and still lingers in our memory:—"Must I leave thee, Paradise?"

The following extracts will give some idea of the interesting work Mr. Gould has prepared. We cordially commend it to our friends: It is published by A. N. Johnson, Boston and sold by Cornish, Lamport & Co, No 8 Park Place, New York.

ROMAN NATIONAL MUSIC.

Nero, like many modern amateurs, was actuated more by vanity than a real taste or love for music itself. His voice and performance were bad; still he is said to have kept up an establishment of five thousand singers and players on instruments; and when about to put himself to death, he cried, "What a pity it is to kill so good a musician!"

WALTER'S DESCRIPTION OF SINGING.

About the commencement of the eighteenth century, music had been so much neglected in New England that few congregations could sing more than four or five tunes, and these few the learned divine, Rev. Mr. Walter, of Roxbury, says, "had become so mutilated, tortured and twisted, that the psalm-singing had become a mere disorderly noise, left to the mercy of every unskilful throat to chop and alter, twist and change, according to their odd fancy,—sounding like five hundred different tunes roared out at the same time, and so little in time that they were often one or two words apart; so hideous as to be bad beyond expression, and so drawling that he sometimes had to pause twice on one word, to take breath; and the decline had been so gradual that the very confusion and discord seemed to have become grateful to their ears, while melody, sung in time and tune, was offensive; and when it was heard that tunes were sung by note, they argued that the new way, so it was called, was an unknown tongue, not melodious as the old, made disturbance in churches, was needless, a contrivance of the designing to get money, required too much time, and made the young disorderly; old way good enough." All these objections, and many more, were answered by a pamphlet, signed by Rev. Peter Thatcher, John Danforth, and Samuel Danforth, which quelled the subject, but not before many members of churches were suspended, for persisting in singing by rule, who were afterwards restored. Many congregations were ordered to sing by rote and by rule, alternately, on the Sabbath, to satisfy both parties.

FIRST REFORMATION OF MUSIC.

The reform began in the churches, according to Hood, at Cambridge, Taunton, Bridgewater, Charlestown, Ipswich, Newbury, Andover, and Bradford. These churches, having godly and efficient ministers, did much to advocate and advance the cause generally, and to encourage the revival of music at Cambridge College.

Previous to this time, when it was made known that some had acquired the art of learning a tune by note, without having before heard it, all were amazed, and still more astonished that all could finish a tune together.

A writer in the New England Chronicle observes, in 1723: "Truly I have a great jealousy that, if we once begin to sing by note, the next thing will be to pray by *rule*, and preach by rule; and then comes popery."

The tunes, before 1690, were such as Oxford, Litchfield, York, Windsor, St. David's, and Martyrs, —more of common metre than all others; therefore, to accommodate churches who could not sing any long-metre tunes, some two words, in the second and fourth lines of a verse, were printed in different type, to indicate that they might be omitted, and the sense retained, so as to sing the hymn in a common-metre tune, thus:

"To God our voices let us raise,
And [*loudly*] shout the joyful strain."

Directions were given, with these tunes, in regard to pitching them. Some were directed to have a high pitch given them, so the compass was but five or six above, such as York. Others, where the compass was eight or nine notes, were to have a low pitch.

PREJUDICE AGAINST ENGLISH TUNES.

A few years previous to this time, three or four tunes had been written and introduced, from England. The air and movement of these tunes were exactly suited to the excited feelings of the people. Americans began to think and act for themselves; and the more the British government attempted to oppress, so much the more were they determined to free themselves from the yoke of bondage, that was *felt*, whether true or imaginary; and their feelings became so bitter against everything manufactured in the mother country, that even the tunes they had formerly sung began to sound tyrannical, and, consequently, with the *Tea*, were thrown overboard. The few tunes that were brought from England, and for more than a hundred years known as foreign manufacture, owing to their slow movement, but more especially for the drawling and dragging manner of singing them, became truly obnoxious.

Until about the year 1770, no native American had attempted to compose and publish a single tune, that we can ascertain. This distinction was reserved for William Billings, a poor boy, by occupation a tanner; born in Boston, October 7, 1747; died Sept. 26, 1800.

ORIGIN OF FUGUEING MUSIC.

Foreigners have always been ready to palm fugueing tunes on America, and it has always had the appellation of "Yankee music;" but this species of music originated and spread through England, and was adopted in many of the Protestant churches, long before it was seen or heard of in this country. Billings—an American, it is true—was the first and foremost in introducing this new style of music into the churches in this country, and added to the number of such like tunes. The style and construction of the tunes may, and probably did, degenerate among the untaught American manufacturers.

This new species of music was of course eagerly sought and introduced, and the first American author looked upon as a prodigy; while others, in every part of New England, in true Yankee spirit, tried to imitate him.

BILLINGS A PIONEER.

Billings was born in Boston, is said to have been of humble origin, and in early life his *occupation* was *that of a tanner*. The building in which he labored was located in Eliot street, in Boston. His opportunities for even common education were very limited. His means to acquire a knowledge of the science of music must have been still less, as there was nothing but Tansur's Musical Grammar to be found in this country, which he probably never read; and if he had, it was an imperfect guide.

We have been informed, by those that know his history, that he wrote his first tunes with chalk, on the walls of the building, while tending the mill to grind bark. It will be found that he was not void of the *spirit* of poetry,—at least, he had a vivid imagination; and though, through his ignorance of language, his poetry, which he occasionally wrote and set to music, will be found sometimes ludicrous or amusing, yet now and then he approached the solemn or sublime.

There were many circumstances combined, as we have said, about this period, which tended to introduce his music, beside that of the bewitching nature of its movement. He was a zealous patriot, much attached to the *great* patriot, Gov. Samuel Adams, who was also an ardent lover of music. Adams and the late Dr. Pierce, of Brookline, used to stand side by side with Billings to perform in the church choir and concert.

BILLINGS' CONCERTS AND EXHIBITIONS.

We have said Billings was the father of concerts or musical exhibitions in this country. These, too, with the music and words attached, tended to help on the political fever. The character and object, however, of these concerts, and many of the customs introduced at their exhibition, would perhaps appear rather ludicrous at the present day. For instance, when the words "clap your hands" occurred in their music, they used to make the action correspond with the words, and all clap their hands in time. We cannot, perhaps, better express the evident intent and object of these concerts, than to use Billings' own words, which were affixed to one of his introductory anthems, and sung at one of these exhibitions. He says, in regard to the manner of introducing it, "After the audience are seated, and the performers taken their pitch *styly* from the leader, the concert begins;" and here we find the words which we suppose express their object:

"We're met for a concert of modern invention;
To *tickle the ear* is our present intention.
The audience seated, expecting to be treated
With a piece of the best."

And, to give our readers an idea of the character of the words generally made use of, we will add a few more of those affixed to the same piece of music:

"And since we all agree
To set the key on E,
The author's darling key
He prefers to the rest."

Then a fugue, the bass commencing,—

"The Bass take the lead,
And firmly proceed,
Let the Tenor succeed," &c

BILLINGS' MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

He paraphrased the beautiful piece of ancient music, 137th Psalm, "By the rivers of Babylon we sat down and wept," at the time the British forces occupied the then town of Boston, and the American army, such as it was, was stationed at Watertown. His language which was substituted, may not seem to our readers very sublime, when it is compared with the original, and set to music as follows: "By the rivers of *Watertown* we sat down and wept, when we remember thee, O Boston;" continuing the subject onward, instead of the words, "If I forgot thee, O Jerusalem," &c., he says, "If I forgot thee, O Boston;" and then breaks forth in a powerful strain or chorus, with the following words:

"Then let my numbers cease to flow,
Then be my muse unkind;
Then let my tongue forget to move,
And ever be confined
Let horrid jargon split the air,
And rive my nerves asunder;
Let hateful discord grate my ear,
As terrible as thunder."

The first book of music he published he named the "New England Psalm-singer," containing one hundred and eight pages; this was in the year 1770. A proof that the spirit of rebellion against the mother country was not yet fully developed, are the following words on the title page:

"O praise the Lord with one consent,
And in this grand design
Let Britain and the colonies
Unanimously join."

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In this book the parts were arranged for the tenor voices to sing the melody. He had no regard for the laws of harmony; and when the parts moved forward, they soon became entangled so as to cause admiration and astonishment to a hearer to find the parts all brought out in safety, at the last word of the tune. Billings, in describing the effects of the music, says, "It has more than twenty times the power of the old slow tunes; each part straining for mastery and victory, the audience entertained and delighted, their minds surpassingly agitated and extremely fluctuated, sometimes declaring for one part, and sometimes another. Now the solemn bass demands their attention,—anon, the manly tenor; now, the lofty counter,—now, the volatile treble. Now here,—now there,—now here again. O, ecstatic! Rush on, ye sons of harmony!"

The Italian Opera in Paris.

The question about the Italian Opera is at length decided. Paris will not be deprived this winter of its most fashionable luxury. Signor Corti, the new *impressario*, has kept his promise and opened his theater to the public on the day announced. The interior has been entirely renovated, which was exceedingly *apropos*, since the Salle Ventadour was for many years the dirtiest in all Paris.

The opera was Rossini's *Otello*, with the parts distributed as follows:—Otello, Bettini; Iago, Belletti; Roderigo, Calzolari; Elmiro, Arnoldi; and Desdemona, Sophie Cruvelli. The cast was not perfect, but, under the circumstances, it was as good as could be expected. Signor Corti is not a magician, but a simple mortal; and he did his best. He could not drag Tamberlik, and Mario, and Lablache, and Ronconi, out of the snows of Russland; nor could he bring over Sontag and Alboni, "the incomparable," from America. Let the well-gloved *habitues* of the "Bouffes," then, be thankful for what they have got, which is a deal better than if they had got nothing. Sophie Cruvelli, the rising *prima donna* of the day,—in finer voice, singing better, and looking lovelier than ever,—is in herself a host, and more than worth the price of the *abbonement*. Her Desdemona was the most interesting, impressive, and fascinating performance that has been witnessed since Grisi was in her prime. Acting from a thorough artistic impulse, Sophie Cruvelli disdained to interpolate an *aria d' entrata* into Rossini's score, as has been the invariable custom; and every real amateur of the music of the great Italian applauded her for her courage. Already crowned with laurels, although scarcely five years upon the stage, Sophie Cruvelli shows, by her gradual improvement, that she does not regard herself as perfect whatever her most enthusiastic admirers may think of her. She studies to advance, and will, no doubt, succeed in learning and mastering all the secrets of her art, in order to make herself, what it is pretty certain she must become, one of the greatest dramatic singers of any age or country. To be Grisi's successor is no small task. Sophie Cruvelli has, however, accomplished it, and will wear the mantle of the "Diva" in a manner to sustain the glory of the magnificent artist from whose shoulders it will descend to her.

The reception accorded to Sophie Cruvelli by the usually somewhat starched and frigid public of the Paris Italian Opera was of the right sort—hearty, glowing, and unanimous. Her performance was admirable throughout, and, not to despise a hacknied phrase, so convenient when wanted, "she achieved a new triumph."

Next to Cruvelli must be placed, side by side, Calzolari and Belletti. These excellent artists and admirable singers materially fortified the cast by the almost irreproachable style in which they sang the music of Roderigo and Iago. Bettini did his best with Otello, and sang his loudest; but he is deficient in most requisites for that immense part, in which Garcia, Donzelli, Rubini, Mario, and Tamberlik, not to omit Pasta, have successively covered themselves with honors. Signor Arnoldi, as Elmira, was a sorry substitute for Lablache. But, as Formes was not to be persuaded to become one of the *troupe*, what could Signor Corti do better? Engage Marini—that is, if Marini was open to an engagement, which is rather uncertain.

Of the orchestra and its new conductor, (not Bottesini,) of the chorus, and of other things connected with the theater, I must speak on another occasion. It is enough to have briefly established the fact that the *Theater Italien* has commenced its campaign for 1852—3, in the Salle Ventadour, with complete success, and good augury of what is yet to come—and that this, in a large part, is due to the universal popularity and talent, *hors linge*, of "the *diva*, the passion, the idol" of the Parisian Public (I quote from your esteemed contemporary, *La Revue et Gazette Musicale*), "*la jeune, la belle, et la bon cantante* Sophie Cruvelli." For other particulars search the eloquent apostrophe of P. A. Fiorentino to the genius of the young and beautiful cantatrice.—*Cor. of Lond. Mus. World.*

London Musical Institute.

The Musical Institute of London is founded for the cultivation of the art and science of music; for the formation of a library of music and musical literature, and a museum, and the provision of a reading-room; for the holding of conversazioni, for the reading of papers upon musical subjects, and the performance of music in illustration; and for the publication of transactions.

Hopes are entertained of establishing also a foreign correspondence, in order to collect and diffuse the most complete information on all musical subjects.

The reading-room is open daily throughout the year, from ten o'clock in the morning till eleven at night, except on Sundays, when the hours are from two o'clock till five; it is at present supplied with the following journals: The *Times, Morning Post, Daily News, Morning Chronicle, Morning Herald, Standard*, and *La Journal des Debats* (daily); *The Illustrated London News, Examiner, Athenæum, Literary Gazette, Musical World, Punch, La France Musicale, La Gazette Musicale, La Belgique Musicale, La Gazette Musicale di Milano, Gazetta Musicale di Napoli, L'Italia Musicale, Neue Berliner Musikzeitung, Neue Zeitschrift fur Musik*, and *The New York Musical World & Times*, (weekly)

Evening meetings are held on each days as the Council appoint, from November until June, inclusive.

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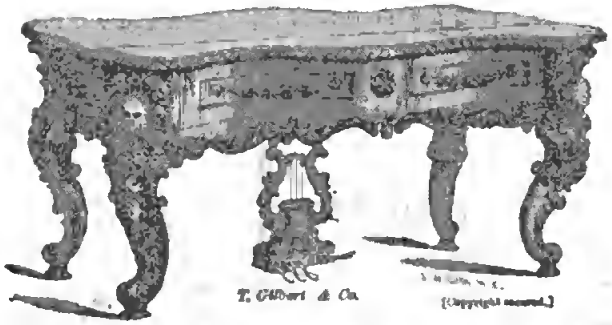

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"Music is the Art of the Prophets; it is the only Art which can calm the agitation of the Soul, and put the Devil to Sight."—*Martin Luther.*

"I ever held this sentence of the Poet as a canon of my creede: that whom God loveth not, they love not Musicke."—*T. Morley*, 1599.

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RICHARD STORRS WILLIS, Editor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1853. | VOLUME V, No. 12. Whole No. 103.

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Correspondents are informed, that it is impossible for us to keep or return contributions. All articles sent to us we shall examine and report upon in our columns; such as are accepted will appear as soon as we can make room for them.

Private and Confidential Note to Editors.

Dear Sir:—You now hold in your hand the *New York Musical World & Times* for the week ending Saturday, March 19th 1853. It is barely possible that while reading said journal, a suspicion may cross your mind that it is one of the most interesting and useful publications of the kind with which it has been your good fortune to meet; if so, pray do not dismiss such suspicion, but read on, that it may deepen into a positive conviction. Candor impels us confidentially to state that we have decided views on this subject, which will doubtless harmonize with the most complimentary conclusions to which you may come respecting the excellence of our paper,—a fact which we venture to state, on the supposition that it will gratify you to know that your own convictions are fortified by ours. We suggest, in this connection, that your readers would, perhaps, be glad to know your opinion of the *New York Musical World & Times*; and it affords us much pleasure to say, that we cordially unite with them in that aspiration. We have the honor to be, sir,

Your obd't serv't O. D.,

Office of *The Musical World & Times*, 257 Broadway, New York.

"What can be had for $5!"

The publishers of the *Home Journal* request us to say, that they are registering the papers which published the What-can-be-had-for-five-dollars paragraph as fast as possible, and that they will all be supplied with that journal at an early day. The publisher of the *Knickerbocker* requests us to say the same for him, and our friends will please consider it said accordingly.

Henrietta Sontag.

THE OPINION OF THE MINORITY.

[The following notable piece of criticism appeared in a German journal, from which we translate it for the readers of *The Musical World & Times*. As the opinion of the *majority* has been now universally heard, the opinion of the minority may prove of some interest. The views herein expressed, relating to Sontag first as a *singer* and then as an *actress*, are those entertained by a coterie of artists embracing such men as Liszt and Wagner; while the article itself is ascribed to the pen of Liszt.]

Henrietta Sontag as she *is*, not as she *was*; as she *now* seems, not as she *once* seemed; the Henrietta Sontag of the present day; *id est*, the immediate successor of Jenny Lind in the triply-raised price of tickets—can lay no claim to the title of a *luminary* of the first magnitude, nor even to that of a second-rate luminary. As we have not the honor of belonging to a former generation, we can only judge Henriette Sontag by her present achievements, not those by which she enchained the world some twenty years since. As before the year 1830 Sontag undertook the rôle of a *Donna Anna*, or an *Euryanthe*, so now her stage representations are limited to the subordinate rôles of the opera. She treads the stage as *Regiment's Daughter*, *Martha* and *Rosine*. We have heard her exercising her high school of vocalization upon all these musical parade horses. This choice of characters has, true enough, a certain apology in the motive which alone has brought Fran Sontag again upon the stage—the necessity of "make-money," and in the speediest and easiest way—a motive which, although not quite purely artistic, nothing can well be urged against. The critic, we repeat, can only adjudge the veritable Sontag of 1852, not the historical Sontag of 1826—the *Soubrette* (waiting-woman), not an artist of achievements which are now no more achieved; and the capacity of achieving which, we are inclined, from what we have seen, very much to doubt.

Before we heard Sontag, and while yet our fancy had the freest play in an ideal enjoyment, as artist in like situation with ourselves, expressed himself—in a moment of disgust at the wholesale flatteries of foreign journals—to this effect:—that, "only that which is *absolutely insignificant* can gain for itself a pure majority, *so entirely without an opposition*." This sentiment was spoken out of our very hearts:—but, nevertheless, we could not but rejoice at this very instance of the self-justification of a *minority*, so true to itself.

Albeit we confess, that, for a single moment, Henriette Sontag took us by surprise; it was when she made her first *entré* in the Regiment's daughter. We heard the theme of the first duo lightly trilled by a delicious voice of clear, metallic ring, and immediately there appeared upon the summit of the hill in the background, a youthful, graceful figure, which, with elastic and agile step, descended quite to the foot-lights; and here, with military coquettish air, responded to the enthusiastic greetings of the multitude. The beautiful tone of her voice, and her entire personality itself (excepting, perchance, a slight inclination to *embonpoint*), gave the gnawing tooth of time such a point-blank denial, that even with the certificate and date of her birth in hand, one could seriously have doubted whether—the July revolution had ever really taken place. Hereupon Fran Sontag sang the duo with *Sulpice*: the piece did not seem to provoke even the applausive *majority* to the strongest demonstration of their ungovernable enthusiasm, and yet we immediately heard, (from this latest representative of "wonderful children,") the entire story of her powers—Madame here exhausted herself. From this time and thereafter, we heard nothing new: only variations upon the self-same theme; and variations too, which did not at all illustrate the motto—"variatio delectat."

Sontag's qualities as a singer, as fully displayed in this duo, may be thus briefly recorded:—a voice well conserved, even to its extremest limits; and in every part evenly, legitimately and beautifully developed—an admirably full and lofty *tone-stroke* (manner of projecting the voice upon, or hitting the tones)

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—a most lovely *mezza piano*, which is not identical with the ordinary *mezza voce*, but produces the effect of a "piano" *with the full volume of tone* (like that which may be produced upon the pianoforte with open pedal)—a vocalization entirely *sui generis*, peculiar to itself, (because no longer cultivated to such a degree of perfection in our day;) which is combined with an inimitable lightness, fluency and persistency—and, finally, a surpassingly-refined, tasteful and artistically-rounded execution, which, in the very minutest calculation of effect upon the audience, can never fail of its intent.

All this combined may appear to many as the attainment of the *nec plus ultra* in vocal Art But, now, we beg to enquire first:—Is vocal proficiency a selfish *end*, or the *means* to some higher and loftier end?—is the executive artist the sole consideration, or is it the *work* for which the artist is demanded?—further, we ask; apart from the fact, that in Mad. Sontag we see the absolute reversion of *means* and *end*, is that the perfection of Art, in which we find an utter absence of *soul*—where is not to be discovered the faintest *spark* of poetry and passion?—Poetry and passion are, to us, indispensable requirements of perfection in (dramatic) song: and inasmuch as Jenny Lind, despite her icy Northern nature, possesses ten times the poetry and passion of Henriette Sontag, so we pronounce her to be infinitely superior—although she falls short of Sontag in artistic accomplishments. Jenny Lind is a syren who *dreams* at least, that there *are* souls, and now and then seems sentimentally to long that she possessed one. But Henriette Sontag is a very ordinary and matter-of-fact syren, to whom it is a matter of indifference whether there be souls or not, and who is perfectly contented and blissful in her own poverty. Yes; these flashing tone-cascades—these thousand-linked chains of *coloratur* and *fioritur* (which resemble the Goldberg rheumatic muskets in one particular, that they act irritatingly upon the nerves)—these embroideries without frames—these arabesques in the air: which, without being always irreproachably clear and sometimes smothered and swallowed down, Frau Sontag gives forth, to the weariness of an audience though never to her own weariness; and until the orchestra without violence to anybody's ear could strike into the remotest of keys, far removed from that which was left behind (an admirable hinge of transposition!)—yes, all this, is no substitute to us for the faintest dash of poetry—of which the tips of *Lucille Grahn's* toes know more, than the throat of Henriette Sontag:—toes, which we must therefore—despite our small enthusiasm for the sublime Art of dancing—pronounce to be of a decidedly more artistic nature.

But, if it be urged that the subordinate class of *Soubrette-rôles* affords no opportunity for poetry, that is, for poetic passion—we must deny this. The *andante* in the first *finale* of the Regiment's daughter; the first aria of *Rosine*, and other parts of the "Barber;" and, certainly the people's song, "The Last Rose of Summer" (that star over a heap of mire)—must have a soul-ful rendering. This, Frau Sontag is incapable of giving—and therefore, we have heard her sing this song decidedly worse than many a mediocre singer. Alari's polka (!!!) variations, Adam's variations "Ah, vous dirai-je mamam," and an aria from Donizetti's *Linda*,—the successive interpolations of Frau Sontag in the three operas which she sang in Weimar—these are legitimate tasks, quite suited to her capacity, and which serve to display her throat-execution in all its brilliancy. Relying upon these pieces, Frau Sontag should set out upon her travels—having now and forever subordinated to the career of a mere *virtuosa*, the holiest and dearest interests of Art.

Now—in the concert-saloon not half so good a business is to be done, as on the stage; and therefore for the future, the *singer* Sontag speculates with great confidence upon the *actress* Sontag.

(The actress Sontag will be given next week.)

Dyed-in-the-wool meanness.

Derby is going to put out a book called *Fern Leaves*—the writings of Fanny Fern. It will take.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Take! of course it will *take* hold of virtue's nose, and lead modesty to the dogs! *Take!* He will have nothing to *take* but what the sewer will reject.—*Dayton Daily City Item.*

The editor of the *Dayton Daily City Item* has abused Fanny Fern with a vigor and relish which argues the possession, on his part, of an amount of malice and vulgarity seldom found wrapped up in one human organization. Did this editor honestly believe what he says of the productions of the brilliant writer whom he attempts (but fails) to injure, his conduct would be less reprehensible; but that he does not believe his own statements, his paper furnishes conclusive evidence. In the same number of the *Dayton Daily City Item* which contains the above-quoted scintillation from the editorial mind, appears, conspicuously, one of Fanny Fern's stories! and nearly every week, that journal contains articles from her pen—sometimes *as many as three articles in one issue.* It is necessary to state, however, in order that the reader may do full justice to the editor of the *Dayton City Item*, that no credit is given by him, either to Fanny Fern, or to the papers from which he steals her articles. This is not to be wondered at. How could he be expected to stultify himself in his own journal, by accrediting to Fanny her exquisite writings, and thus proving the falsity of his malicious attacks!—beside, any exhibition of courtesy, honesty or decency, would destroy the consistency, and mar the harmonious meanness, of such a character.

This is a fitting opportunity to state, that many articles of an inferior character are now going the rounds of the press, accredited to Fanny Fern, which were never written by her; while scores of her best productions, (any half-dozen of which would make a literary reputation,) are copied from paper to paper, with much commendation, and even read to schools as models of composition, without any credit being given her for them. Luckily, her singular and rare genius, and the original native force of her character, enable her easily to overcome all such obstacles to success. She is a great favorite with the press, and her book (*Fern Leaves, from Fanny's Portfolio*) will probably have a sale only surpassed by that of Uncle Tom's Cabin. O. D

☞ It is a shame, if any person poorer than you is more contented than you.

A few pertinent Questions.

HAIR vs. MIND—WHISKERS vs. BRAINS.

Mr. Editor:—How is it, and why is it, that a man without moustache, imperial or whiskers, can not get on, artistically, in this country? Is hair to carry the day against brains, with the public, as well as with boarding-school misses? Shall Phalon's "Chemical Hair Invigorator" triumph over Watts on the Mind? Is the "Choral Hair Restorative" to be preferred before Whately's Logic? Are our youth, of both sexes, to give up Newman's Rhetoric and Crabbe's Synonyms for treatises on the "nature and uses of the vegetable liquid hair dye?" Shall these things be? and will the *New York Musical World & Times*, which professes such independence and fearlessness in criticism, (and which, I am glad to say, *is* somewhat troublesome and exasperating in that respect,) not raise its voice against this hirsute invasion and subversion of our dearest interests? It is well known that the cleverest Americans are not very productive of facial hair. We are a smooth-faced people. In youth and middle-age our caput-al foliage and mandibular appendages are sparse, and oftentimes parti-colored; and, beside, we are subject to early baldness. In no case, or at least very seldom, is *hair* our forte. Our brain is so prolific of ideas, as wholly to exhaust its fertilising principle in mental operations, leaving nothing to promote hairy vegetation. But your foreigner, especially if he come from the continent, is vast on hair. His crown, his chin, his cheeks, his lips are equally fertile,—so much so, indeed, that, with a little care, he might do a lucrative business in the hair-mattress line, off the productions of his own head and face. He bristles like a wild boar from the Black-Forest. We can no more compete with him in this respect, than could a diamond compete with a hairbrush. Hence, the pertinence of the above inquiry—"is hair to carry the day against brains?" Shall a moustache be considered a seal of excellence? Shall luxuriant whiskers—two hundred hairs to the square inch—be at once a sign and a proof of superior ability? and an imperial an evidence of finished artistic culture? If so, let us elect Phalon principal of the Free Academy, and establish a tonsorial department in each of our public Schools. Let the reign of barberism be inaugurated; and let our young ladies give up their *crochet* work, that they may become skilled in the preparation of macassar, and "vegetable hair dyes warranted not to stain the skin."

Perhaps you will say, Mr. Editor, that I am frightened by a scarecrow of my own making—that there is no danger of the predominance of hair over brains. Do you think so? Why, then, I would ask, was not Mr. Burke *encored*, or at least, "enthusiastically applauded," the other evening, at the Philharmonic, for his magnificent performance of the first part of De Beriot's violin concerto? It was the best performance on the "King of instruments" we have had in New York during the season, and yet the applause was limited. *I* applauded heartily and determinedly; but, so far as I could see, only one other person exhibited a like enthusiasm; and he, I afterwards learned, was *the sole importer and vendor of the music!* Now, Mr. Editor, why was this? Why was not Mr. Burke at least

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recalled to bow his acknowledgments to the appreciation so grateful to an artistic soul? It was simply, Sir,—(and it is no use denying it) —because Mr. Burke's face is guiltless of a beard—because he has no moustache—not even an imperial. To be sure, Mr. Burke has a face, which, like that of the great Napoleon, "will do without a beard"—except before a Philharmonic audience; but that did not avail to secure him his just reward.—And, then, there was Mr. Root's quartet party. They sang splendidly; but who applauded them? Only a few, beside the barefaces (the unwhiskered) present. They gave us the best quartet-singing we have had for this many-a-day,—there is no doubt of that; but, it is my opinion that the opportune discovery of the Tenor's whiskers, on the second appearance of the party, was mainly instrumental in securing that *encore*.

Shall we hear from you, Mr. Editor, on this subject? I hope so. Truly Yours, D♯.

[Our correspondent has touched upon a matter of much importance, and one which is beginning to attract considerable attention. Our columns are open to communications on the subject, and we hope the question will be thoroughly discussed.—Ed.]

Fashionable Correspondence.

Mr. Editor:—I picked up the following correspondence in the street, a few days ago; and being struck with its elegance and point, I have determined, with your permission, to give it to the world, through the columns of *The Musical World & Times*. It will be useful, as a model, to those unaccustomed to epistolary effort. It will be seen that the question is, as to the most economical mode of getting a company of ladies to a Philharmonic Concert and back home again. Yours, D♯.

CORRESPONDENCE.

No.— Fifth Avenue, March 5th.

My Dear Phil:—To-night, you know, the Philharmonic comes off, and I'm stuck with the old lady, Julia and the R.'s. I can't get off, so I shall go. It's a demmed bore, though; and nothing but the necessity of doing something to propitiate the "Treasurer,"* who begins to talk a good deal about the "panic," could compel me to sit through such a performance. The ladies are always asking a fellow his opinion of the performances, and you know it's a mistake to express an opinion on such a subject. If *The Musical World & Times* would come out a little earlier, I could get along with the matter by taking my cue from its criticism which would be a great help. The "Treasurer" can't go himself; the ladies *will* go, and somebody must go with 'em; and, unluckily, I'm the only "somebody" there is around, and must therefore act as escort. This brings me to the point on which I want your advice, namely; the easiest and least expensive mode of going to this concert and coming home again. The "Treasurer" sold his horses a few days since, and has not been able to suit himself yet with another span; so we are, as I may say, *hors du combat*—ha! ha!—a good point, that, I take it. You are up to this concert business, and all that sort of thing, Phil; so, what do you say? Shall I cab the ladies, or walk 'em, or †bust 'em. There are four of them, you know—mother, Julia and the R.'s.

Yours, Tom.

PHIL'S REPLY.

No.— Sixteenth st., Saturday, 2 P. M.

My Dear Tom:—Just come up town, and found your note waiting for me. *Five* are too many for a cab—unless the ladies are all young and you are a favorite with 'em. In the present case, your mother being one of the party, all fun would, of course, be repressed; therefore, I advise that you walk your ladies to the concert, and †bus 'em home. *Au revoir*, Phil.

* The popular name for *father*, among fast young men.

† That is, take an omnibus.

Weekly Report of Music.

—New York.—

Mr. Eisfeld's Quartet party played for the last time this season, on Saturday evening, at the Apollo Rooms. *Quartet* applied in his bills, means simply to indicate the character of the music rather than the exact number of instruments; for, on this occasion, we were treated to the wind and stringed Sextet of Beethoven. This piece deserves notice particularly as being in the first or earlier style of the author. Its phraseology is of the era of Haydn and Mozart, before the author had worked out those newer forms which mark his musical propositions. We are aware that these are mere phrases which we are writing, conveying hardly the ghost of an idea; but so it is in musical criticism that without quotation of the notes themselves and rigid analysis, criticism borders on moonshine. Any person however, who has a good musical ear and is accustomed to hear different styles of music, may detect similarities of form and passage and not be able to give a reason therefor; and it must have struck such on Saturday evening, that the septet in question was no innovation on the expressions of previous masters. The piece was extremely well executed.

We consider that Miss Thomas has a treasure of a voice. Light and shade, and pronunciation however, are defective in her method. In the latter thing, she does not stand alone, for singers of renown are frequently wanting in such a quality. The singer should form the consonants with great precision, and that done, the chief difficulty of pronunciation is mastered. The foundations for musical accents lie in language, where the contrasts of accent are uninterrupted:—this well observed will aid in giving the requisite light and shade.

The piece sung by Miss Thomas was not calculated to display her voice. It was by Mendelssohn, whose genius for melody—pure—we have never been able to discover. The chief end of a song is melody,—melody that will bear separation from the harmony. If the harmony be for the piano, its alliance with the voice is but feeble, owing to the want of sustained notes capable of expression; and for a composer to repose on the meagre effects of such an accompaniment, instead of the lustre of the voice and the memorable character of the melody, is to put the pedestal over the statue. The critic in the London *Times* speaking of Spohr's *Faust*, said it was an opera for the orchestra, with the part of Faust *obligato*; and that about describes a great mass of songs which attempt to substitute scholastic ingenuity for melodic inspiration. This is not written to deny the cleverness of the composer, but simply against the theory that would substitute pianoforte effects for inspirations pure and vocal, such as certain German and Italian masters have given us.—The voice of Miss Thomas deserves the highest culture; it is pure, silvery, warm, correctly intoned, and has the freshness of youth to commend it.

The soirées of Mr. Eisfeld are doing good in spreading a taste for chamber-music.

A new Pianist.—Mr. A. Geckel, from Germany, is a new arrival among us. He is about 22, full of enthusiasm for his Art, and has mastered the mechanism of the modern school of pianism besides playing with the expression which can only come of such mastery. *The* new school of the Piano is that of Thalberg and Liszt. When Cherubini heard Thalberg play for the first time he could not believe such effects were produced by a single pair of hands. Up to the time of Thalberg we had great men: the chief innovator for the resources of the instrument was Weber, whose works will compare in thought with any ever written; but in the richness, the full developments of the instrument, the distinct quartetism—the genius of classical requirements of detail,—Thalberg and his contemporary Liszt, in their arrangements are the great change-workers. The piano needs coaxing to make it agreeable. It has no continued sounds: its notes are blurted, never "linked sweetness long drawn out:" beside, the ear accustomed to rich orchestral harmonies finds the old-fashioned sonata-work of three or four notes for the right hand and one or two for the left, with a starvation vacuum between, but poor work, no matter whose name it goes by. But these modern apostles saw the meanness and misery of the instrument, and removed it in a measure. Difficulty is a relative term. When the new grand heroism of the piano is achieved it is no longer difficulty: nor is it display. In the time of Charles I a great Violin player appeared in London. Criticism was aghast at the difficulties he played. Two quarter's study would now master them.—Mr. Geckel belongs to the difficult school: in a word, he knows how to play the instrument like a master.—We trust that he will find it to his interest to stay among us. His performance, the other night, privately in presence of a number of judges, was earnestly applauded.

Spingler Institute.—On Monday evening we attended the performance of Mr. Root's Cantata, the *Flower Queen; or, the Coronation of the Rose*, by the young ladies of the first music class of this Institute. We have only room this week to say, that the singing of the young ladies was well received by the audience (which, by the way, was one of the most critical that could have been readily got together;) but the charming appearance of the fair songstresses, whose loveliness far transcended that of the beauteous flowers which they represented, so distracted the attention of the beholder, as completely to disarm criticism.—We hope to be able to give a thorough analysis of the Cantata, next week.

'Bout town Musical Criticism.—A morning paper, noted for its recklessness on most subjects and its ignorance on all, had a characteristic criticism recently on Sontag's performance in *Maria di Rohan*, in which it was gravely stated that, "none of Donizetti's operas show more clearly the sad decline of his power during the latter years of his life—none contrast more painfully with *Il Barbière*, *Tancredi*, and the other masterpieces of his youthful genius."

It will be news to most people that Donizetti wrote *Il Barbière* and *Tancredi*; it has been heretofore supposed by those who do not read the journal above referred to, that Rossini was the author of those operas.

Miscellaneous Musical News.

—Philadelphia, March 9th.—

Mr. Editor:—I suppose that you had concluded I had given you up, or that we poor Philadelphians have had

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no musical items worth mentioning,—but, if so, you were quite mistaken; during the last month we have had almost as many entertainments as there were days. Alboni is now here, and I have one or two words to add to what I have previously said in regard to her troupe.

I think it was in the number of *The Musical World & Times* for Saturday, January 29th, that a paragraph in my letter, elicited a foot-note from the editorial pen. This paragraph read, in part, as follows:

* * * "Not much anxiety is expressed for the advent of the opera companies—our *dilettanti* feel shy of Alboni's support, and the anxiety to hear Sontag," &c.

At present I will extract no more than is necessary, the Countess Rossi not having yet made her *début* among us. The note, to which I particularly allude, I give complete.

"We can assure our Philadelphia friends, that Alboni and Sontag bring out operas in New York, in a style which is superior to anything we have ever before had in America. Unfortunately, however, we poor provincials have no idea what will please the more refined and critical tastes of our Philadelphia neighbors."

Of course, the last sentence was written as a skit upon the assumed superiority of New York, or as a slur upon Philadelphia's attempted equality. I write to inform you that what you traced in jest, has been proved perfectly true, and that "*the style in which Alboni brings out operas*" in your city, although precisely the same here as there, will not go down in the "rural districts." Our Philadelphia *dilettanti* did "feel shy" of her support, and the miscalled "support" had the honor of being twice sibilated, on Friday evening, March 4th, for ruining the music of *La Sonnambula*, in a way that was perfectly unprecedented; while every attempt at applause by the *claqueurs* was instantly checked, except when Madame Alboni sang; for she, indeed, is gloriously fine, although she is obliged to mar the effect of the music by transposition.

The houses during the first week of the season, were—in point of numbers,—not up to the average attendance; the second, so far, has not been equal to the first; in fact, the parquette has not upon a single night, been even moderately full. The applause is neither extended nor enthusiastic, even when Alboni sings,—except in *La Cenerentola*,—(which is repeated to-night); in it the distinguished cantatrice has made quite a sensation, despite the detestable manner in which the opera is produced.

It appears to be a rule,—according to the note above quoted,—that every successive opera company is better than the last; but you may rest assured that a worse troupe never disgraced a Philadelphia stage. The principal musical circles condemn this attempt as a dead failure—almost as an imposition, when it is called an "Opera." A worse infliction can scarcely be imagined than to have to sit out an entire performance, and hear music of the first class mangled, murdered, cut and transposed, till you can barely recognize the resemblance to the original score. Such troupes, Philadelphia, at least, will not put up with.

ARMP.

[We sympathise with our correspondent. There was a perceptible falling-off in the quality of the performances of the Alboni troupe towards the close of their engagement here, and in Boston (where we heard them once) they did very poorly. As for the Sontag troupe—Heaven help them! They grew worse and worse every week, and are becoming the laughing stock of the critical public. Sontag should retire from the stage, if she wishes to preserve any posthumous musical reputation.]

—Newburyport, Mass., March 8, '53.—

MR. EDITOR: As you are interested in learning how your favorite science prospers in various sections of the country and I have seen no report from this place, I will give you a *few* items. To-day, the topic of principal interest is a concert by the Germanians, to come off this evening. Two gentlemen of this place have for the last two winters provided a series of six concerts, by the Germanians, &c., at an expense of $1 50 the series—a price of which you might suppose nobody would complain. For this we have had the Germanians three times, the Mendelssohn Quintette Club twice, and the German Liederkranz, under the direction of Mr. Kriesman. In connection with these main features we have had associated M'lle Lehmann, Mad. Sidenburg, Miss Lucy Doane, Alfred Jaell and Camille Urso. Notwithstanding all these attractions, not a little fault has been found with the gentlemen who took the responsibility of providing, and they have been subjected to a running fire of censure which I should think would effectually deter them from any more efforts to improve the public taste. I send you as a curiosity the articles cut from one of our daily papers—all in the same paper. This evening a complimentary concert is to be given to the gentlemen in question. By their estimate of the receipts and expenses, the latter have exceeded the former some three or four dollars. And while I am thinking of disinterested benevolence, I can tell you of one leader of a choir in this city who receives *a hundred* dollars a year for the whole expenses, organist and all, and pays it all away, besides paying the boy who blows the organ, out of his own pocket.

In the matter of sacred music we are a law unto ourselves. In most of the churches the ladies of the choir take off their bonnets (or hats if you please,) which gives them a somewhat bold appearance. As our city has been celebrated for its Puritanic propriety, these innovations one would suppose startling. One of our most celebrated native musicians, carefully drills his choir to give the last syllable of "eternal," "immortal," &c., the full sound of A in man—all little words receive a proper emphasis, and "and" has justice done to every letter. The other Sabbath I listened to the hymn commencing thus:

Descend from heaven celestial dove,
Stoop down and take on on thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above,
The reach of them inferior things.

The seraphine, which you know does not admit of much light and shade, gave us what I supposed was intended to be a playful tune, but though the voices were some of them good, it was sung in a heavy, dragging manner, which conveyed the idea of a deeply-laden gravel train, toiling up a steep ascent after an incompetent engine. One could not help thinking that the "celestial dove" found it somewhat difficult to "mount and bear" so large a congregation above

"The reach of those inferior things."

Our choirs vary in this respect—some going to the other extreme, and like the Hudson River Railroad flying with equal speed by the river-side or through the heart of the mountains. But as I don't profess to be a musical critic, and only know what pleases me, I will not say more on this subject.

There have been and are excellent performers on the piano in this place, and although there is an organ or seraphine in nearly every church, organists are readily found. Vocal music fails far behind instrumental, if I am any judge. Truly yours,

***

[We shall be glad to hear from our correspondent again; also to receive that visit.—ED.]

Portfolio
OF A
MUSICAL BACHELOR.

FRAGMENT II.

HOW THEY BURIED THE LANDGRAVE.

AT dead of night the ceremony took place: such had been the custom of the family from time immemorial. Immediately after his death the Landgrave had been laid in state in one of the spacious halls of the castle, to afford opportunity to the peasantry and common people to gaze upon their dead lord. The light of day was excluded, the hall draped in black, and Philip rested upon an elevated bier in full uniform, in a half reclining posture. A circle of blazing candelabras surrounded him. Between each of these was placed a black velvet cushion, upon the centre of which flashed a diamond-studded decoration. The Landgrave had been in the Austrian service, had been crowned with honors, and rising high in command had attained, just before his death, to the rank of Field-Marshal. His decorations were placed, not *on* him—for he could not take them with him, whither he had gone—but *around* him, as no longer a part of himself. His crown and sword rested on a dark cushion at his head.

The peasantry filed solemnly in, up the stone stairway and through the guards stationed on either side, gazing mournfully upon one of the last members of a decaying house. I stood at a little distance and marked the scene. The Landgrave had the flush of health upon his face, for his cheeks had been *painted* to soften the ghostliness of death!—the face of a corpse and an uniform as gaudy as the Austrian, were of course a painful contrast! As I gazed, one of the retainers approached the bier, and ascending a step poured from a phial something into the mouth. The motionless lips stirred not to the draught, and why proffer it to a corpse?—it was an elixir to prevent a too rapid decomposition!

A night of unrest for the Land had arrived. The sleep of no good Hessen, if indulged in, would be dreamless while such a dread ceremony was going forward. The whole interior of the castle-chapel was draped with heaviest serge—black and dreary as the night without. The pews in the body of the house had all been removed, leaving a clear area. Directly in front of the pulpit the flooring had been opened, disclosing the yawning entrance to a subterraneous cavern, which was excavated at the very foundations of the castle. A sloping descent conducted to this family sepulchre. Here reposed, in coffins encased in rich velvet, upon which rested crowns, laurel wreaths and swords, the knights of a hundred generations—knights and gentle ladies—fathers and mothers—with their dead young children at a short distance; a dismal array of little velvet-covered coffins, arranged side by side. At the entrance of this sepulchre in the chapel, just at the slope, was placed on either hand a dark column, ornamented with the escutcheon of the House, which supported two flaming torches. From each of these columns extended a line of armed soldiery through the body of the church to the threshold, here, the double line was continued by young men dressed in white tunics, bearing torches in their hand: they could be seen in close double line extending through the areas of the castle, winding under arch and portcullis until they reached the solitary wing where the body reposed. They thus formed an open channel, through the crowding peasantry, between the Landgrave and his last resting place, through which the procession of Death was to take its way. The light of the flickering torches gleamed lividly upon the towers and turrets of the castle, and illumined the midnight.

Just before 12 o'clock I took my way to an apartment in the castle whither I had been kindly invited as a guest. Here I found assembled the various officials of the court and the army officers. It was a large and dimly illumined apartment. As I stood conversing with one of the Hessian captains, a liveried servant approached and proffered me, upon a salver, a large goblet of—I almost distrusted my senses—*hot punch!* On a moment's reflection I concluded that the officers (good fellows!) thought that I needed *fortifying* as much as they, to pass comfortably through the night and the trying ceremonies for which we were assembled. But, at the instant, there was a somewhat strong revulsion of feeling at the violent contrast of such an act with the high-wrought and impressive scene I had just witnessed without. However, rather horror-struck as I was, I—— *drank the punch.*

Just then the signal was given to proceed to the chapel. It is doubtless well known, that in the reformed churches of Germany there is an arrangement on either side of the pulpit not unlike the stage boxes of an opera house—except, that instead of boxes, there are tolerably large rooms, separated from the body of the church by glass windows. These windows can be opened or shut at will, according to the temperature of the church, being provided, in many instances, with stoves; which the cold German churches never are. (Whether the sermon also, if it gets too warm, is ever shut off—is a point I am not informed upon).

These side-rooms are intended for the church-elders: albeit in places where there is a court, one room is devoted to the royal family. In the castle chapel where we were now assembled, there were four such side-rooms; two on a level with the galleries, and two below. One of the upper rooms was for the Landgrave and his family; the room opposite for the nobility and army officers; while, of the two rooms below, one was for the church elders and the other for their wives and daughters.

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I stood at one of the windows with the officers and gazed through the intervening glass on the scene below. Everything appeared still more weird and impressive through this medium. Just as a face behind a window looks pallid and death-like, so the black chapel, torch-lit—the yawning cavern beneath the pulpit—the solemn faces of the crowd below—the statue like soldiery in double line—and, beyond, in dim vista, the white figures of the torch-bearers—appeared ghastly and ghostly to a degree. Added to this, in consequence of the unwholesome damp in the cavernous tomb below, *Rosemary* was burning there; the funeral odors of which filled the chapel, and penetrating to our enclosed retreat, filled my senses with a strange sensation, and my imagination with sickliest images. The *Pale Lady*, to my fancy, was floating up and down the open passage, occasionally descending into the gloom of the cavern and returning again, as though awaiting the corpse.

But there were other images of a different character which forced themselves upon my mind. The spirit of the reformer—LUTHER—seemed to alternate with the *Pale Lady*. For in the chapel before me I saw the *very first gathering place of the very first society in the day of the reformation*. An ancestor of the Landgrave whose remains we now awaited, bearing the same name—a gallant LANDGRAVE PHILIP—was the stalwart defender and bosom friend of Luther; and here, on this very spot, was gathered by him the first reformed church: a church still in existence, within whose precincts I now found myself.

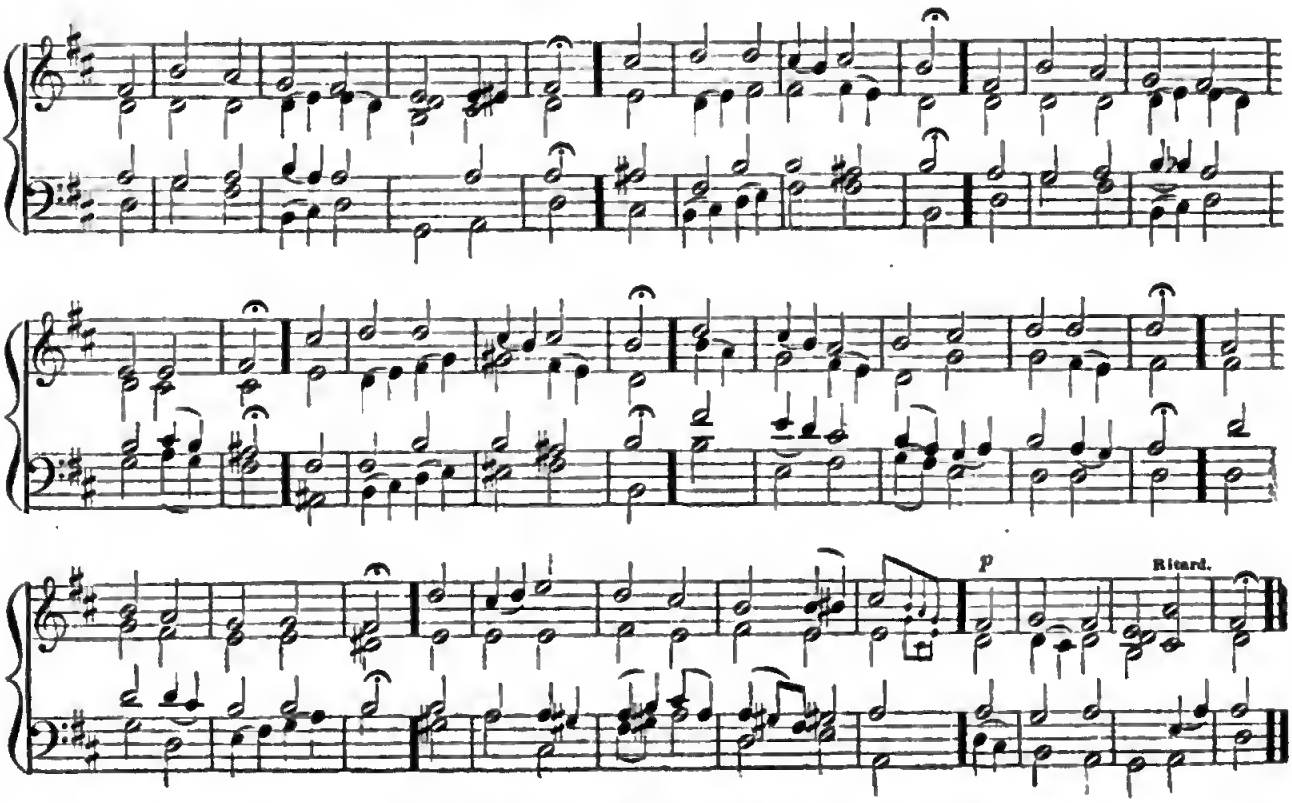
These thoughts were suddenly dissipated by the castle bell. It was 12 o'clock. Quickly upon the first stroke, a heavy gun upon the ramparts hurled its thunder out into the night. The windows shivered in their casements; and the shot, booming over the deep valley below, reached the echoing mountains beyond and returned to us in a rumbling reverberation. Then commenced a series of wildly-discordant noises—all the more appalling from the deep stillness which had just preceded. The castle had two bells; a heavy and smaller one. The small bell is emphatically called *Die armer Sünder Glocke*—the poor sinner's bell—being always tolled in case of an execution; and has an unearthly kind of wail. The other is a deep-mouthed, solemn orator. Both these bells began ringing at once. The interval of tones between the two, was (musically considered) sharply dissonant, and the combined effect—direful. At that moment, also, the chapel organ commenced rolling out, in solemn diapasons, a funeral dirge: while indistinctly, in the distance, was heard the tap of muffled drums. At intervals, the heavy thunder of the minute ordnance upon the battlement silenced all else:—the military honors being 101 guns. Taken together, I think I never heard a more appalling combination of sounds.

And now the procession began to move. They came solemnly on, through court-yard and under archway, nearer and nearer, the muffled drums growing more and more distinct, until they reached the chapel. As they crossed the threshold, the organ ceased, and a band of brass instruments commenced in deep, solemn tones the ancient church choral,

"O HAUPT! VOLL BLUT UND WUNDER."

By a rude kind of mental connection, these mountain Germans had associated a hymn which sings of the "Head of our Saviour" covered with "blood and wounds," with the head of a soldier now laid low before them. The music of this choral has a mingled wild and pathetic character truly Germanic, and is much sung by German worshippers. The following is a copy of it:—

THE LANDGRAVE'S DIRGE.



The procession moved on until they reached the slope to the tomb, in front of the pulpit. Here the bier was for a moment lowered, the jangling bells were hushed, the music ceased, and nought was heard but the occasional thunder of the solitary gun upon the ramparts. A touching prayer was said, accompanied by a short service, when the pall-bearers again raised their burden. Gazing down upon the bier, and glancing hurriedly now and then into the gloomy depths of the sepulchre, was a tottering old man, dressed in the Austrian dragoon uniform, with a hussar jacket loosely swung over his shoulders. This was the brother of the deceased and—present Landgrave of Hessen.

The train slowly descended, and gradually becoming enveloped in the gloom, disappeared from sight. A moment or two of silence, and, by a concerted signal, the sharp, simultaneous discharge of a hundred muskets without, announced that *Landgrave Philip* had been lowered to his last resting place.

* * * * * *

A few months elapsed, when I was one night startled from my sleep by the shrill blast of a trumpet, and as I started to my feet with the shock, a rider dashed furiously past my window and up the steep ascent that led to the castle. Arrived at the portal, he blew a blast that sounded in the stillness of the night like the last trump. It brought desolation to anxious hearts within, for it announced the death, at the University of Bonn, of a promising young Prince, the last youthful scion of the race of Landgraves.—There are no other reigning Landgraves in the world than those of Hessen-Homburg.

The *Pale Lady* was thus justified of her prediction; for there followed her ghostly demonstration, not one death but two; and the latter, the most sensitive one that could have befallen the Land: for, on the extinction of the race of Landgraves, the domain will probably be merged in one of the other Hessens.

Whatever the *Ahnfrau* may have been to the inhabitants of the castle, however, *my* Pale Lady—as recounted in a former paper—I shall always remember to have proved—*a white dimity curtain.*

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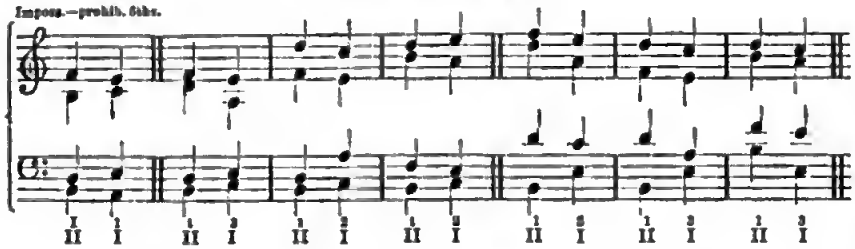
Musical Studies for the Million.

NUMBER XXVI.

USE OF THE DIMINISHED TRIAD.

Key to Exercise No. 8



For the next exercise the student may take the remainder of this scheme, namely:—

3 1 | 5 3 | 3 5 | |
II, I | II, I | II, I | |

3 1 | 3 5 | 5 3 | |
II, I | II, I | II, I | |

Now some of these resolutions are impracticable, as in a former instance, on account of the violation of given laws. I will not name these instances, but will leave them for the student *to find out*.

Make three resolutions in each case, taking the dissonance once in each of the parts. Where the dissonance is in the Base, however, it can of course be taken in no other: in this case make three such other resolutions as suggest themselves.

In arranging the diminished triad upon the staff, make as favorable a disposition of the parts as practicable. Look first to the Base, and remember that this alone is determined by the figures, and must move in a certain way: for instance, in

5 5
II, I

its place *must* be on D, and from thence it *must* move to A. In

5 5
II, I

its place is on D, and from thence it must move to C. In

5 5
II, I

its place is on D, and from thence it must move to E. And thus, in

5 5
II, I

its place is on F, and from thence it must move —whither?

A genuine "Fern."

[We copy the following admirable article from the Boston *True Flag*, to which FANNY FERN is a regular contributor.]

"I CAN'T."—Apollo! what a face! doleful as a hearse; folded hands; hollow chest; whining voice; the very picture of cowardly irresolution. Spring to your feet, hold up your head, set your teeth together, draw that fine form of yours up to the height that God made it; draw a long breath, and look about you. What do you see? Why, all creation taking care of number one—pushing ahead like the car of Juggernaut, over live victims. There it goes; and you can't stop it. Are you going to lay down and be crushed!

By all that's manly, no! dash ahead! You've as good a right to mount the triumphal car as your neighbor. Snap your fingers at croakers; you can't get *round* a stump, leap over it, high and dry. Have nerves of steel, a will of iron; never mind sideaches, or heartaches; work away without stopping to repine, or to notice envy or malice. Set your target in the clouds and aim at it. If your arrow falls short of the mark, what of that? Pick it up and fire again. If you should *never* reach it, you'll shoot higher than if you only aim at a bush. Don't whine, if your friends fall off. At the first stroke of good luck, by Mammon! they'll swarm around you like a hive of bees.

"*I can't.*" Oh, pshaw! I throw my gloves in your face, if I am a woman! you are a disgrace to corduroys. What! a *man* lack courage? A *man* want independence? A *man* to be discouraged at obstacles? A man afraid to face anything save his Maker!—Why! I've the most unmitigated contempt for you! you pusillanimous little pussy cat! There's nothing manly about you, except your whiskers.

FANNY FERN.

Answers to Correspondents.

A. J. AX.—"Will you please furnish me the requisite information with regard to the formation of a quintet club for flutes?"——We can't. Kulau and Gabrielski have composed quartets for flutes, but we know of no quintets for that instrument. We asked Mr. Kyle about the matter, but he could not aid us; and, as what he don't know about the flute is not worth knowing, further inquiry is probably useless.

A SUBSCRIBER, Racine, Wisconsin.—Your communication (more peremptory than courteous) has been received. The offensive point mentioned is equally offensive to ourselves. The whole thing (except the music, which caught our eye, and is uncommonly fine) was an oversight; except the general impression of a foolish French rhapsody, gained by a previous glance at the piece.

MRS. K.—We humbly beg to decline the honor of publishing your "Lines to Madame Sontag,"—and pray, don't again "snatch a few moments from the cares of everyday life, to write a few verses for your (our) columns." The next time you write anything for us, please take three months for it, at least, and be kind enough to pay particular attention to the prosody.

"KAPPA."—The chance of getting a situation in New York as Organist is very precarious. As to getting a circle of pupils on the pianoforte, or obtaining musical employment of any kind, the chances are decidedly dubious. It is a good deal like going gold-hunting in California; you may find a rich placer, but the odds will be against you.

T. R. J. A., Danville, Ky.—Accept our thanks for your favor of the 7th inst.—"Lablache's Method for the Voice" is the best work for your daughter; and we would also recommend "Zundel's Melodeon Instruction Book." The two will cost about six dollars, postage paid.

J. A. H., Champion, N. Y.—Your favor is received, containing $12, but the odd sixty cents is *minus*. You are mistaken in supposing we would call you an unprofitable steward; on the contrary, we say, Well done, thou good and faithful friend. Let us hear from you again.

J. P. H., East Trenton.—A good Bass Drum, with calf heads and sticks, will cost from eighteen to twenty-five dollars, according to size. Have never seen a seraphine with two banks of keys, but the double-reed Melodeons are now made so.

G. S. P., Griggsville.—The "American Violinist" is published by Mason Brothers, of this city, price 75 cents.—We are glad to hear of your musical enterprise in Griggsville, and hope your Society will meet with abundant prosperity.

DR. W. J. G.—It can't be done.—We recommend a careful perusal of the "Musical Studies for the Million."

MISS E. M.—Your letter came too late; the situation was already secured by an earlier applicant.

New Subscribers.

SINCE the publication of our last list, the following subscriptions have been received, closing with Wednesday, March 16th, at which time our paper went to press. Later arrivals will appear next week. N. B.—We can not promise that the orthography of the following names is correct in every case, the signatures, in many instances, being somewhat illegible; and those names are only given to whose owners *we have not sent receipts*.

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☞ We have received (too late for this number) a long communication from Mr. Fry, in reply to our remarks concerning his lectures, which will appear in our next issue.

☞ He who promises rashly, will break his promise with the same ease as he made it.

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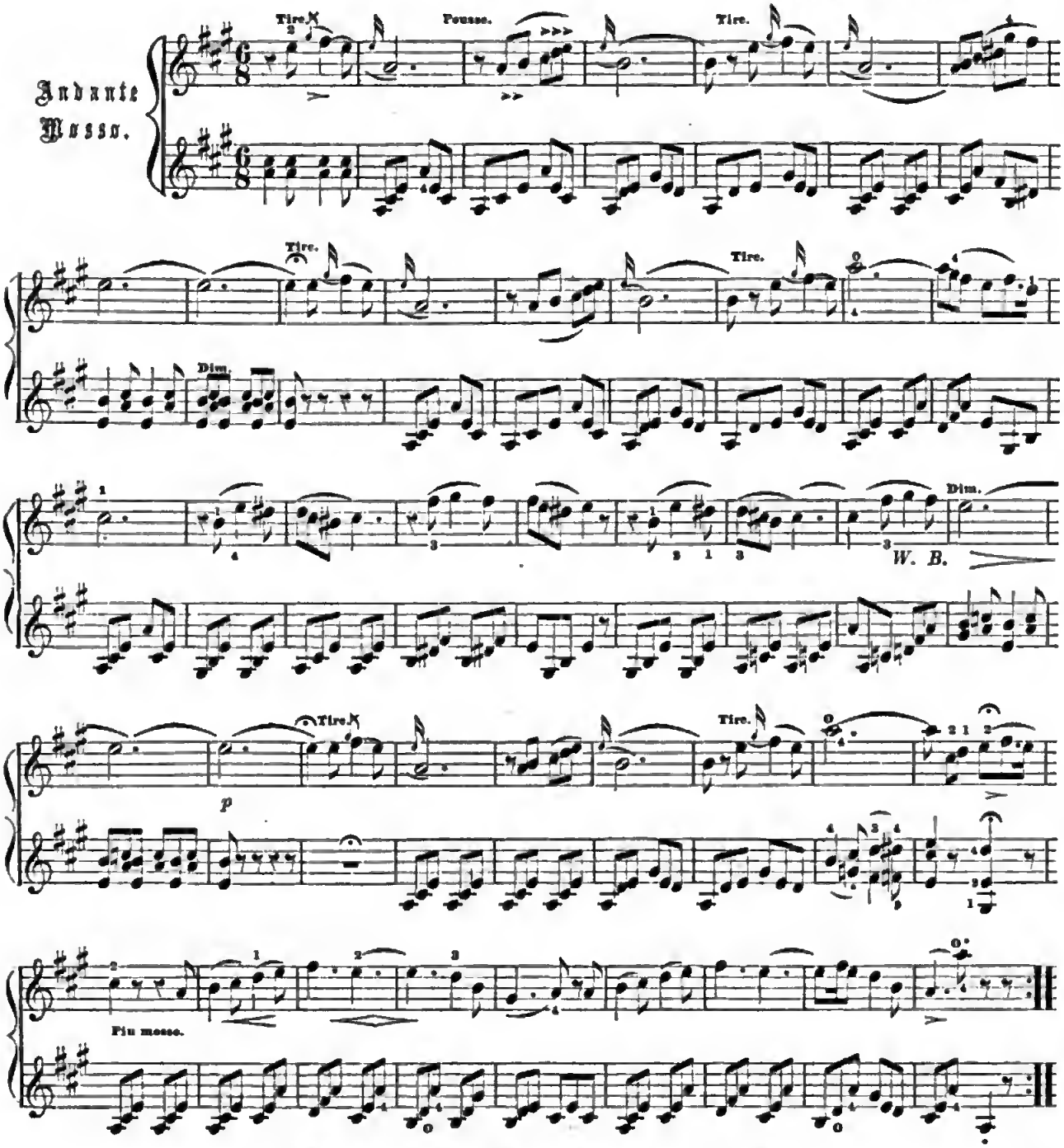
FOR TWO VIOLINS, OR A FLUTE AND VIOLIN.

Serenade.---O Summer night.

COM'E GENTIL.

DONIZETTI, from Don Pasquale.



Published by Oliver Ditson, Boston. For sale by Sarles & Ady, 620 Broadway.

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Song of the Czar.

From the Opera of "Czar und Zimmermann," by A. LORTZING. Adapted from the German, by D. M. COLE

ANDANTE.

1. Once played I in child-hood with scep - tre and crown, The sword was a play - thing, none dread - ed my frown; When tired of my play, to my fa - ther I flew, Who kissed me and wel - comed with love ev - er new; Oh!

p *tr* *pp* Dim.

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vain - ly since then has my false for - tune smiled, I'd glad - ly yield

all, and be once more a child, I'd glad - ly yield all, and be

Verses 1 & 2. Verse 3.

once more a child.

tr

Verses 1 & 2 pp Verse 3. Dim. p

2.

Now ruling a nation, with none to control,
How many will envy—they read not my soul,
They see but the glitter that circles the throne,
And know not their ruler is friendless, alone;
Ah! where is the love that youth's sorrow beguiled?—
But vainly I seek it, I'm no more a child,
But vainly I seek it, I'm no more a child.

3.

When sinking, I yield to the burden of years,
How few then will mourn me, how few be their tears!
Though statues or altars should honor my name,
The thought cannot cheer me, so fleeting is fame.
No longer by earth or its follies beguiled,
The Father of heaven will own me his child,
The Father of heaven will own me his child.

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A PAGE FOR LITTLE FINGERS.

"Mary of Argyle."

MODERATO. Arranged by CHARLES GROBE.

Introduction.

mf f mf f

Ped. Ped.

8va.

p Leggiero.

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. ff

Tema.

Andante.

p Con espress. Ped. Ped. mf

Ped. Ped. Ped. Riten. p A tempo.

Ped. Ped.

Published by COUCHOVEN, SCULL & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

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Musical Magic Lantern.

For The Musical World & Times.

BY ALLEGRO.

John Zundel.
"Formerly Musical Instructor to the children of Madame Sontag, Countess of Rossi, and Organist of St. Ann's Church, St. Petersburg."

J. C. Viarock.
"Formerly a pupil of C. M. Von Weber."

I. Leneschowe.
"Formerly leader of the Germania."

L. de Mayer.
"Jupiter!"

Bellatti.
"Do not envy the singer whom the stage maintains."—*Juvenal.*

Abbe Vogler.
"Before thee never was science so united with genius."—*C. M. Von Weber.*

Paesiello.
"Whoever seeks for light and pleasurable sensations in music, cannot be recommended to anything better."—*Mozart.*

Harrmann.
"Sleep on."

Rodwell.
"Stop thief."

Sweeney.
"Whar did you come from?"

O. E. Dodge.
"We have received a long letter from Mr. O. E. D., in which he indignantly denies that his voice has the slightest affinity to a bray, or that his ears are above the average length. We have great pleasure in stating that we are happy to hear it, and that we cheerfully make the announcement to the public, who will, we are convinced, share our pleasure and our surprise at the gratifying intelligence."—*Lantern.*

Jubal.
"The father of all such as handle the harp and organ."—*Genesis*, iv. 21.

Otto Goldschmidt.
"*Fortuna filius.*"

Kyle.
"To blow only is no flute playing; you have also to move the fingers."—*Goethe.*

Handel.
"Clear the way to the right and left; an exalted hero comes in radiant glory! Surely there are others who have also a mind for the grand and excellent, but in sublimity and splendor none equal him."

J. Paddon.
"Pretty bird, oh, sing to me."

S. H. Willard.
"Sleeping, why art thou sleeping?"

J. Nathan.
"Why are you wand'ring here, I pray?"

J. Parry.
"Wife wanted."

Balmer.
"A heart that's kind and true."

A. Phillips.
"Dearest name."

West.
"Does your mother know you're out."

J. Barnett.
"Fainthearted."

Parmentier.
"Forever be thy name adored."

H. Berlioz.
"Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely, who have written well."—*Pope.*

Fanny Elssler.
"And turn from gentle Juliet's woe,
To count the twirls of Fanny Elssler's toe."

Madame Sontag.
"Tho' time has touch'd her, too, she still retains
Much beauty, and more majesty."

H. Kleber.
"My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky."

Madame Thillon.
"Thy voice is sweet, as if it took
It's music from thy face."

F. Bergmuller.
"Oh, how difficult it is to write easily."—*Carissimi.*

Chevalier Gluck.
"Music is a true picture of the passions and feelings; dramatical art ought not only to be a sensual charm; so thought the bold reformer of the opera, but he not only thought so, he also taught it in his works."

Underner.
"Pleasant dreams."

Lignoski.
"Shooting Star."

Feigl.
"Compromise."

Fleck.
"So, so."

Taylor.
"Give us a clasp of thy brotherly hand."

Hesser.
"Go, warrior go."

Wolfe.
"Keep away."

W. A. Mozart.
"When the Chevalier commenced, the divine Mozart, who created, like Raphael, with a magical aspiration, finished."

Gann.
"Let us love one another."

Pelham.
"Massa is a stingy man."

J. P. Knight.
"Of what is the old man thinking?"

Comer.
"Oh, name him not."

Bishop.
"She loved, not wisely, but *two* well.

H. Behlman.
"Satan in Paris."

J. C. Scherpf.
"*Multum in parvo.*"

A. Metz.
A friend to look up to.

Col. T. Fitzgerald.
"Well, Colonel, what engrosses your thoughts so entirely this morning? The last new fashion for vests, the price of Macassar oil, or the midst of your last pair of primrose kids? Make a clean breast of it, Colonel."—*Fanny Fern.*

Fanny Fern.
"Come, Minnie, don't be satirical. I've a perfect horror of satirical women. There's no such thing as repose in their presence. One needs to be always on the defensive, armed at all points, and then, like as not, some arrow will pierce the joints of his armor."—*Fanny Fern.*
"She is so full of pleasing anecdote,
So rich, so gay, so piquant in her wit."

Braham.
"Behold in his soft expressive face."

M. B. Hawes.
"Call me not unkind."

H. F. Gould.
"Come hither, bright bird."

Meighan.
"Every land my home."

Brougham.
"Fine cold Irish gentleman." "He has hosts of friends who will do anything for him except witness his acting; that, indeed, would be a sacrifice too great for the friendship of a Pythias."

I. H. Tully.
"I'd marry him to-morrow."

L. V. H. Crosby.
"I fear you are getting old."

De Bene.
"I'll touch my harp and dream again."

Avery.
"Joyful I shall ever be."

L. Paget.
"Many long years was I parted from thee."

Chainet.
"Nay, tell me not that he is mad."

H. S. Saroni.
"How much a little conscience would have improved him."

Fanny Frazer.
"Notes thy lips with mine hath breathed."

Romer.
"O would I were a boy again."

E. Mannefield.
"Ah! Signor *Pierson*, (for so he was called before he lost his senses, and was transformed from a sober gentleman to a composer.)—*Don Quixote.*

Miller's Scrap Book.
"Let it be preserved, both as the author is my friend, and out of regard for other and more exalted pieces of his writing."—*Ibid.*

G. H. Curtis.
"This author is also a great friend of mine; his verses, sung by himself, raise admiration in the hearers; and such is the sweetness of his voice in singing them, that they perfectly enchant."—*Ibid.*

Rossini's Stabat Mater.
"I tell you, the author deserved, for writing so many foolish things seriously, to be sent to the galliss, for all the days of his life."—*Ibid.*

Julien's Polkas.
"Prey order these to be burnt with the rest."

Very Best Polka.
"Let that of A. Dodworth be preserved, as if it were written by Apollo himself."

Pennel.
"A cloud was o'er my spirits."

J. Blewitt.
"Handsome man."

Becket.
"He was such a nice young man."

Ducho.
"I dance, I sing, I play."

L. Hucho.
"I wish he would propose."

Monroe.
"I'm not such a fool as I look."

Baker.
"Parting ray of fading day."

Wade.
"Never look sad."

Kirby.
"O butterfly, why roam?"

Ganter.
"O thou great and glorious one."

M. P. King.
"Sing a sacred song to me."

H. S. Barclay.
"Come, oh, come with me."

Miss Sheridan.
"My very particular friend."

F. Dorigo.
"Poor wounded heart, farewell."

Loder.
"All ages love thee."

J. Benedict.
"Blessed be thy home."

"Vox Populi," *a tip-top selection, etc., by* C. Grenz.
"Four days was he considering what name to give it; for (as he said to himself) it was not fit that a production so good, and appertaining to a knight so famous, should be without some name of eminence."—*Don Quixote.*

A. Jaci.
"Never sure was knight so nobly served by ladies as was he after his departure from his village. damsels waited on his person, and princesses on his steed."—*Ibid.*

Signor Revere.
"To hear him, you'd believe
An ass was practising recitative."—*Byron.*

Ricci (or Rizzio).
It was my evil star above,
Not my sweet lute, that wrought me wrong;
It was not song that taught me love,
But it was love that taught me song."
—*Miss Landon.*

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Verdi.
"This music made me, let it sound no more."—*Shakespeare.*

N. Richardson.
"Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his maker, hope to win by't."—*Ibid.*

Rasellen.
"What he has written seems to me no more
Than I have thought a thousand times before.
—[*N. P. Willis.*

A. Bonchar.
"I can make any country mine: I have
A private coat for *Italian* stilettos,
I can be treach'rous with the Wallon, drunk with
The Dutch, a chimney sweeper with the Irish,
A gentleman with the Welsh, and turn arrant
Thief with the English. What, then, is my
country to me?"—*Noble Spanish Soldier.*

S. Thalberg.
"So gentle, yet so brisk, so wond'rous sweet,
So fit to prattle at a lady's feet."—*Churchhill.*

A. Dreyschock.
"My lord advances with majestic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleasure to be seen."
—*Pope.*

A. Goria.
"'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow,
Thou must be made immortal."—*Shakespeare.*

L. von Beeringen.
"He can discourse very sensibly upon other points, and seems to have a clear and settled judgment in all things; insomuch that, if you do not touch him upon the subject of 'music,' you would never suspect but that he had a sound understanding."—*Don Quixote.*

Miss C. Richings.
"*Bella voce! bravissima!*"

Dr. Cunnington.
"Bravo, bravo, Doctor!
Let me embrace you."—*Figaro.*

Ethiopian Serenaders.
"Rascals, hence, away—
Scoundrels, quit the spot!
Eh, what a dev'lish uproar!
Are ye mad, or not?"—*Barber of Seville.*

L. Bochner.
"What an original genius!"—*Ibid.*

C. Berg.
"Do you know that this young man
Interests me extremely?"—*Ibid.*

L. Mason.
"Such pleasure, and honor, and wealth,
As people predict, will be thine."
—*The Huguenots.*

Mrs. Dr. Rush.
"I love to patronize the fine arts, and particularly music"—*Fra Diavolo.*

Christy's Minstrels.
"Then let us get money, like bees lay up honey;
We'll build us new hives and store each cell;
The sight of our treasure shall yield us great pleasure,
We'll count it, and chink it, and jingle it well."
—*Dr. Franklin.*

Dr. G. Schilling.
"Our doctor thus, with stuff'd sufficiency
Of all omnigenous omniscience,
Began (as who would not begin,
That had like him so much within!)
To let it out in books of all sorts,
Folios, quartos, large and small sorts."—*Moore.*

Musard.
"We thought it was the sound
Of riot and ill managed merriment,
Such as the jocund flute or gamesome pipe
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds."
—*Milton.*

A. Dinbeitt.
"The merry *mocking bird* together links,
In one continued song, all diff rent notes,
Adding new life and sweetness to them all."
—*Carlos Wilcox.*

The Germania.
"To those gentlemen, well versed in all the art,
I leave the necessary arrangements to make."
—*The Huguenots.*

C. F. Rudolph.
"If you hear in your purse
The jingle of ore,
Your heart jumps with joy—
And what need you more?"—*Fidelio.*

Hutchinson Family.
"But I trust I may be permitted a little harmless singing or playing, whenever I please."—*Fra Diavolo.*

Tripler Hall.
"Behold me at length in Babylonia! And here is
Of Belus the temple."—*Semiramide.*

J. H. Hewitt.
"I can assure you besides, that all he sings is of his own invention; for I have heard he is a very great scholar and a poet.—*Don Quixote.*

H. Litolff.
"The raven's, screech-owl's, and the mandrake's voice
Shall be thy constant music."—*Randolph.*

G. Flügel.
"O, he's as tedious
As is a tired horse, or railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house."—*Shakespeare.*

J. S. Dussek.
"The sky
Is overcast, and mutters mattering thunder,
In clouds that seem approaching fast, and show
In forked flashes a commanding tempest."—*Byron.*

Th. Oesten.
"He is not yet quite up in our ways, but he's of excellent promise, and sure to do honor to his profession, with a little practice. He was a steward lately in a great house, but he's now determined to act like a brave fellow, and rob openly."—*Fra Diavolo.*

A. P. Heinrich.
"Oh, thou, of the magi, the venerable chief."—*Semiramide.*

G. F. H. Phingerphutl.
"The devil take you for a pumpkin; you are ever and anon saying such smart things, that one would almost think you have studied."—*Don Quixote.*

H. Timm.
"Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard, but search will find it out."
—*Herrick.*

J. A. Fawter, *Flowers of the Valley.*
"There is to me
A daintiness about these early flowers,
That touches me like poetry."—*N. P. Willis.*

H. Thorbecke.
"In a word, Sir,
Who are you? may I know?"
"Don Alonzo,
Professor of music, and pupil
Of Don Basilio."—*Barber of Seville.*

Kate Hayes.
"A most charming noble lady,
Whom with envy kings might view."
—*The Huguenots.*

R. Hoffman.
"Thou art a clever young fellow."—*Fidelio.*

C. Sivori.
"Delightful! some great signor coming to stay at my house! What an honor! Here he is!"—*Fra Diavolo.*

L. von Beethoven.
"His countrymen came ten thousand strong,
To weep o'er his narrow bed,
And tears they gave to that child of song,
Who had sued to them for bread."
—*Cunningham.*

G. F. Root.
"The land of song within thee lies."—*Longfellow.*
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[The "Musical Magic Lantern" is exciting much interest, and, Who is the author of it? is now one of the "significant questions of the age." The author, or we should say the *authoress*, (for the manuscript looks as though it were the work of a feminine hand—and German, at that,) refuses to be known; so, our friends will please not ask any questions on that point. By the way, we would ask the writer who is meant by Miss M. J. T., and Miss R. Mc. Please give us the full names.—ED.]

"Sound your A."

The following story is sent us by an Alabama correspondent. If anybody else can send us any good musical stories, he may do so with impunity. Our Alabamian shrewdly remarks:—Messrs. Editors:—I have heard it said that,

"A little nonsense, now and then,
Is relished by the best of men"—

and I believe it. Your anecdote of "Billy Taylor *vs.* Billy Bull," in a recent number of *The Musical World & Times*, calls to mind a similar "experience" between a certain melodious Ned Kirby and Neddy Bull; which I herewith send you, in hopes it may smooth the wrinkles from the care-worn faces of the "millions" who are enjoying the advantages of your "Musical Studies."

Ned Kirby lived in the town of Hull, England. His forte was playing the Bassoon. Ned prided himself on his skill, and was always ready to play anything from a psalm-tune to a cachouca or a waltz with sky-rockety variations. He was *prime* Bassoon at all parties, balls and other social gatherings, and also played in church on Sundays. But Ned loved gin—"not wisely, but too well;" and his potations oftentimes had an undue effect upon his performances. Ned *would* drink; remonstrance was useless. He silenced all argument by the declaration that he was a genius, and that a genius—especially one of Anglo-Saxon origin—takes to gin as naturally as a duck to water;—that Nature had so ordered, and *he* couldn't help it. "Talk to Nature," Ned would say; "*she* made me; *she* gave me my genius and my love of gin, and one is just as unquenchable as the other."

It chanced that Ned was engaged to play at a little village *feast* called "Sutton Feast." Sutton was some two miles from Hull, and was approached by two roads; one, called the turnpike, was the public road; the other being a private path which crossed the fields of a Mr. Witheringwick, who kept an extensive dairy and rejoiced in the ownership of a fierce animal, which he called Neddy Bull. The festivities at Hull were prolonged to a late hour—indeed, till "daylight did appear." Kirby had pre-eminently distinguished himself on the occasion. He had never been known to play better or drink more than on that night; and just as the goddess Aurora began to display her gorgeous beauties to the blushing morn, he might have been seen wending his way, zigzag, across the pasture of his namesake, Neddy Bull, toward his home. This latter "animal existence," seeing Kirby flourish his Bassoon, and hearing him mutter over sundry angry somethings, conceived himself to be insulted, and gave chase to the staggering enemy. The Bull advanced slowly, as a long chain was attached to his nose, and he had to carry his head one side and step carefully, to avoid treading on the incumbrance; which was certainly more ornamental than useful, in Bull's opinion—though his master's views on the subject were precisely the reverse.

On came Neddy Bull, cautiously but determinedly, and keeping up a deep-toned boo oo-oing, which at last fell upon Kirby's ear, and arrested his attention and footsteps at the same instant, just as he had reached the edge of a wide and deep ditch, fortified on the opposite side by a high hedge, which were crossed by a plank and a stile.

"Boo-oo-oo-oo," says the Bull. "How now," exclaims Kirby; "a Bassoon—a challenge? Aha, old fellow, little do you know when you are challenging. Hold on, till I put on my reed. So—there—steady, my boy. All right now," said Kirby, as he completed the adjustment of his reed. "Now, then, *sound your A.*"

By this time Mr. Bull "had arrived on the scene of action," and, while Ned was vigorously "sounding his A," he pitched him, Basson and all, over ditch and hedge, breaking his instrument and so thoroughly stunning the poor fellow that he lay for some time entirely bereft of his senses. On "coming to himself," Ned slowly gathered up the fragments of his Bassoon, and peering over the hedge

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at his adversary, who stood quietly grazing on the bank of the ditch, he muttered:

"You a musician! Bah! You are no musician, or gentleman, either. *Pretty work, you'd make in an orchestra!*"

MUSIC.

Morality is music.
As tones melt into harmony,
So do graceful acts blend with the graver virtues,
Like the clustering vine in the marble porch,
Showing beauty o'er sternness.
Music is truth!
O, play not a false note in thy part in life,
Or discord will be consequent
. . . perhaps to eternity
Music is truth!
The organ's solemn tones,
Like low uttered prayers, ascend to heaven,
Breathing the deep thoughts and wishes of humanity.
The piano's cheerful tones
The gentle intercourse of daily life express;
Through its notes are breathed
The hopes and fears, the "Sorrow and earnest," the joy, the gladness of life,
The merry dance, the sparkling thought, the tear of sorrow,
The tale of love it ministers to each.—
Music is life!
Affection, sorrow, woe, it breathes them all.—
Music is love.
Soul speaks to soul in song!
The orchestra! each at his post, contributing his part to the general harmony,
Like the children of God, each in his place,
Playing his true part in life,—
Did each play his part correctly, however humble,
Life would be music.
E'en though but played frequently in a plaintive minor key,
In this "Vale of tears," yet oft life's harmonies are grand, solemn, beautiful, divine.
When soul meets soul, thought reads thought, mind sees mind,
Heart springs to heart, then life is Music.

The Music of the Age.

From the Chicago Dem. Press.

We are not about to inflict upon our readers a homily on church music, nor yet a dissertation on the soul-cheering glee—the only true expression of Anglo-Saxon sentiment. Neither have we in mind the magic influence of National airs in urging man to deeds of noble daring, when peals from the martial band drown the clash of arms and the din of the raging battle. There is a peaceful, a more suggestive music, which rings from one end of the land to the other, waking the cheerful echoes of the hills, and sounding through the vales the onward march of civilization and social enjoyment. Shrill though that music be, with little variety in its pealing note, to our ears it is emphatically *the music of the age*. This, of all the sounds in the scale, is the true key-note of the stirring times in which we live. We plead guilty to the possession of a vivid imagination. We would be numbered among those who "have music in their souls." But not alone to us is music to be found in the deep-toned organ, nor yet in the richer melody of the human voice. The winds gently sighing through the hoary oaks of the forest, the lowing of the cattle and the bleating of the flocks "upon a thousand hills," the subdued hum at evening of the city's busy throng, every sound which nature breathes from a thousand harps, may well awaken the deepest emotions of the soul. And yet in no sound, that nature has ever awakened in our dull ear, from the softest whistlings of the gentle zephyr to the awful peeling of the thunderbolt, have we ever heard the true key-note of this progressive age. To us, that note alone is heard in the *shrill whistle of the locomotive*.

Last evening, while pursuing our way to our quiet home, wearied with the drudgery of the day, and wrapt in our own (perhaps idle) musings, the shrill whistle of the locomotive to the west sounded the approach of the cars from Rockford. How many joyous firesides fondly awaited the arrival of a father or warm friend from his western tour! Eighty miles have been passed in a few short hours. And how many matters of business—how great the variety of trade which have been accomplished as that train sped on its "winding way" to the Garden City. In a few short months the majestic iron horse will bring us the treasures which float upon the bosom of the "Father of Waters."

But hark! Another shrill scream announces the approach of the train from Ottawa. Our friends have dined eighty-four miles away to the southwest, and here they are to sup with us upon the shore of Lake Michigan. All honor to those energetic men who, in little more than a year, will complete our line of travel by steam to the Gulf of Mexico. But here we stop not. The graceful arches of the railroad bridge will soon span the majestic Mississippi, and onward the fierce locomotive will press to wake *the music of the age* on the shores of the Pacific.

The lake sleeps in calmness; but look! Along its bending shores see clouds of mingled smoke and fire. That shrill whistle again. The cars are coming from the "city of the straits." The thriving villages along the long line of the Michigan Central Railroad have all been passed; each receiving its share of convenience and enjoyment. Our friends enjoyed their morning meal two hundred and eight miles away toward the rising sun, and here they are to "take a cup of tea" and spend a social evening with us "west of the lakes."

But we are *home*. Our own "cup of tea" is enjoyed with "those most dear," and we are again plodding on our way to bury ourselves for the evening in our *sanctum*.—That shrill whistle again!! Aye, here are the cars from Toledo. Welcome, friends! welcome!! Here they come, from Washington, New York, Boston—"way down east" in Maine—a thousand, fifteen hundred miles—"all the way by railroad."—Think of that ye grasping, grinding despots of the Old World. Ye whose fawning sycophants have exhausted the language of ridicule to characterise that most unique specimen of humanity, the "*live yankee*." Where, in all your wide dominions, can you see a sight like this? Well may you begin to tremble at the power—we mean the moral power—of the "Model Republic;" and if you lift not the yoke from the neck of down-trodden humanity, the more convincing power of "thirty-two pound shot." But avaunt, ye spirits of war. Be it ours in such a more peaceful mission. Age after age, be this the asylum of the oppressed of every clime, and as the hoarse bellowing locomotive speeds on its way o'er mountain and valley, from the north to the south, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the rising of the sun to the rising again thereof—everywhere in this broad, happy land, let that shrill whistle sound the *key-note of this progressive age*.

Ik Marvel and old "Corinth."

The editor of the *Knickerbocker* attributes the following to Ik Marvel, and it is certainly worthy of him:—

Last evening, as we were walking leisurely along, the music of the choirs in three churches came floating out into the darkness around us, and they were all new and strange tunes but one. And that one—it was not sung as we have heard it, but it awakened a train of long-buried memories that rose to us even as they were before the cemetery of the soul had a tomb in it.

It was sweet old *Corinth* they were singing—strains we have seldom heard since the rose color of life was blanched; and we were in a moment back again to the old village church, and it was a summer afternoon, and the yellow sunbeams were streaming through the west windows, and the silver hair of the old deacon who sat in the pulpit was turned to gold in its light; and the minister, who we used to think could never die, so good was he, had concluded "application" "exhortation," and the village choir were singing the last hymn, and the tune was—*Corinth*.

It is years—we dare not think how many—since then, and "the prayers of David the son of Jesse are ended," and the choir are scattered and gone. The girl with blue eyes that sang alto, and the girl with black eyes that sung air—the eyes of the one were like a clear June heaven at night, and those of the other like the same heaven at noon. They both became wives, and both mothers, and they both died. Who shall say that they are not singing *Corinth* still, where Sabbaths never wane, and congregations never break up? There they sat Sabbath after Sabbath, by the square column at the right of the "leader," and to our young eyes, they were passing beautiful, and to our young ears their tones were the very "soul of music."—That column bears still their pencilled names, as they wrote them in those days in life's June, 183-, before dreams of change had overcome their spirits like a summer's cloud.

Alas! that with the old singers most of the sweet old tunes have died upon the air; but they linger in memory, and they shall yet be sung again in the sweet reunion of song that shall take place by-and-bye in a hall whose columns are beams of morning light, whose ceiling is pure pearl, whose floors are all gold, and where hair never turns silvery and where hearts never grow cold. Then she that sang alto and she that sang air will be in their places once more.

The way it is done in France.

In a Strasburg journal of a few years since, we find the following interesting statement in regard to the action, at that time, of the Scientific Congress of France relative to music. The Strasburg journal says:

"The tenth session of the Scientific Congress of France, from 28th September to 9th October last, has been occupied, among other things, with some questions relative to Music. The programme of the Congress contained the five following questions:—

"'To indicate the relations which subsist between Music and the other Fine Arts: to show how, in the great periods of the development of the art, the qualities and faults in the taste and style of Music are also found in the style of poetry, painting, and architecture.

"'Does the difference of national character suffice to explain the distinctive qualities of the Italian, French, and German Music?

"'Why, in our time, does not Church Music avail itself more, first, of unisonous singing by choirs of children, men, and women, and also of melody without measure, the effect of which is so much admired in the religious solemnities of the Jews, and in the recitatives of our Operas?

"'Compare the modern with the ancient Music of the Church, to see whether it is necessary to adhere strictly to the style of the masterpieces of the old school, or whether greater variety may be allowed by the introduction of a less severe style.

"'What part ought the municipal administration, in France, to take in supporting the art of Music?'

"Several able papers were contributed, in answer to these questions. That of M. Berg in particular contained sound and important views. He considered Music not merely as a pleasing art, but as a science which demands as much study as any other. He held that we are not to judge of the present prosperity of the musical art by the great number of those who cultivate or pretend to cultivate it. Music has another object than that of amusement; it ought to elevate the mind, to develop the most noble feelings, and above all to awaken sentiments of religion. The history of Music affords convincing proofs of its religious mission. M. Berg therefore desires that the government and the municipal authorities should unite their efforts in organizing, in the great towns, a complete system of instruction in Music, chiefly religious; and he showed that the superiority of Germany over France, in relation to Music, is owing to the local establishments for musical tuition all over Germany."

☞ It is harder to avoid censure, than to gain applause; for this may be done by one great or wise action in an age; but, to escape censure, a man must pass his whole life, without saying or doing one ill or foolish thing.

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☞ An officer connected with Sir Edward Belcher's Expedition, writing from Davis' Strait, under date of June 6th, makes this prediction in relation to Sir John Franklin:—"Mark what I say! Bells will ring, and bonfires will blaze—from Land's End to John-o'-Groats—on the return of Belcher's Expedition."

☞ What man in his right senses, that has wherewithal to live free, would make himself a slave for superfluities? What does that man want, who has enough? Or what is he the better for abundance, that can never be satisfied?

☞ It is observed, that the most censorious are generally the least judicious; who, having nothing to recommend themselves, will be finding fault with others. No man envies the merit of another that has any of his own.

☞ There is more true greatness in generously owning a fault, and making proper reparation for it, than in obstinately defending a wrong conduct. Bat quitting your purpose, retreat rather like a lion than a cur.

☞ Don't give your time to every superficial acquaintance; it is bestowing what is to you of inestimable worth, upon one who is not likely to be the better for it.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Dissolution.

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT A LIMITED PARTNERSHIP heretofore existing under the name of MASON & LAW, in the city of New York, formed on the 13th day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one, between Timothy J. Huntington, of the city of Hartford, State of Connecticut, and George Savage, of the city of Brooklyn, as special partners and Lowell Mason, jr., Daniel G. Mason and Henry W. Law, of the city of Brooklyn as general partners, under a certificate made pursuant to the provisions of the Revised Statues of the State of New York, dated the 11th day of January, 1851, and filed in the Office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, on the 13th day of January, 1851, has been this day dissolved by the consent of all parties interested therein

Dated, New York, February 14th, 1853.

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DANIEL G. MASON,
HENRY W. LAW.

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New York, February 14, 1853.

LOWELL MASON, Jr.,
DANIEL G. MASON.

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New York Normal Musical Institute.

GENTLEMEN and ladies who design attending the first term of the New York NORMAL MUSICAL INSTITUTE, and who wish to have board procured for them, are requested to give early notice to that effect.

This will be necessary, in order to procure suitable accommodations; especially as there is prospect of a large class.

Application has been made by some who desire to attend the course of lectures and other class exercises of the Institute, omitting the private lessons embraced in the full course. Notice is therefore given that the price of a ticket admitting the holder to all the lectures and class exercises, will be *Twenty five dollars*. Including the course of private lessons, the price is *Fifty dollars*.

The term commences on Monday, April 25, 1853, and continues three months, during which time daily lectures and instruction will be given in the various departments of Music, the design being to furnish instruction, and especially to qualify teachers of music.

The assistance of THOMAS HASTINGS, Esq., and other eminent musicians has been secured.

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WE give below the terms of subscription to the *Monthly Musical Gazette*, also, to *The Musical World & Times*, and a condensed statement of the object and character of each journal. Choristers, Singing Teachers, Clergymen and *everybody interested in music*, are requested to act as Agents. Correspondence concerning musical matters of local interest, the state of musical culture in any vicinity, the formation of musical societies, &c., &c., is also solicited.

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"Music is the Art of the Prophets; it is the only Art which can calm the agitation of the Soul, and put the Devil to flight."—*Martin Luther.*

"I ever held this sentence of the Poet as a canon of my creede: that whom God loveth not, they love not Musicke."—*T. Morley*, 1600.

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RICHARD STORRS WILLIS, Editor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1853. | VOLUME V, No. 17. Whole No. 108.

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Special Notice.

Each number of *The Musical World & Times* is copyrighted. Editors are at liberty, however, to copy from our columns if mindful of the courtesy of accrediting the articles.

Correspondents are informed, that it is impossible for us to *keep* or *return* contributions. All articles sent us we shall examine and report upon in our columns: such as are accepted will appear as soon as we can make room for them.

The 'good-natured friend' of the Tribune.

We observe in Wednesday's Tribune, that Mr. Greely complains of some "good-natured friend," who took the liberty of correcting an article of his, "after it was in type," thus causing a vexatious blunder and putting the article "all wrong." We have also cause of complaint against said "good-natured friend."

Last week we published an extract from a manuscript letter of Madame Goldschmidt, in the original Swedish, to serve as a refutation of the absurd rumor going the rounds of the press touching this lady's domestic felicity. There followed this extract a very literal and elegant translation by the same friendly hand that furnished the letter, C. Edward Habicht, Esq., a native Swede, Swedish Consul, and a gentleman of taste and education.

On the following morning our mighty and overshadowing neighbor, the *Tribune*, published the paragraph, (minus the proper accents in the Swedish part of it,) mysteriously substituting the name *Zachrisson* for Habicht. We began to doubt whether we really knew our friend's name—the *Tribune* thus correcting us. A day or two afterward, he schoolmaster (or the "good-natured friend,") got suddenly abroad, and gave another wording of the paragraph, pronouncing ours to have been a mistranslation. The following is a copy of the two:—

MUSICAL WORLD.

"We are, God be thanked! well. Otto is very good and kind; he labors constantly, is always at home, is always kind, is the same reliable friend always, thinks only of my welfare and my happiness, and bears a calm, still courage in all vicissitudes."

TRIBUNE.

"Otto is very good and sweet. He works constantly; is at home constantly; the same-to-be-depended-upon friend always; thinks only on my weal, and my contentment of mind; and bears a serene still spirit in all changes."

Those who can see any material disparity of sense in these two must come under the category of such as profess to discover that subtle difference "'twixt tweedledum and tweedledee." For the satisfaction of the schoolmaster, however, it may be here asserted, upon the most reliable authority, that ours is in every point *much* the more literal translation.—In point of literary merit, and style of English, we modestly submit that ours has the advantage. Otto, to be sure, ought to be "sweet" from the very *roseate* association of his name—but Madame says only, that he is "kind." He can easily be understood to think of her "welfare," but to think of her "weal" means, perhaps, the same thing, but sounds like the Pickwickian pronunciation of quite another word. The word "changes," also, is vague: might signify change of garment—change of lodgings—change of any thing at all—whereas "vicissitudes" *spots* the idea, and does not necessarily imply *disagreeable* changes—for authority see the indisputable Noah Webster, by whom *Tribune* and *Musical World* both correct proof.

The only remaining point would seem to be the name "Habicht" which "the good-natured-friend" transforms into *Zachrisson*. We presume in his zeal for learning he meant also to translate the name of our friend into some unknown tongue: (what the true signification of *Zachrisson* is, we are unable to inform our readers.) And yet,—and yet We believe there *was* a Swedish Consul many long years ago in New York, who bore a name somewhat akin to this. But he has been dead six years—peace to his manes! Schoolmaster must have slept the sleep of Rip Van Winkle, and just waking up and "getting abroad" have fancied that Monsieur Zachrisson was still Swedish Consul of New York!

Like all the rest of the world, our admiration is unbounded at the present magnificent development, material and spiritual, of the *New York Daily Tribune*. We buy a copy of it every day on our way down town, whenever we reach the "dépot" soon enough to secure the same: (and of late we are very often disappointed).—But, like Mr. Greely, we do very earnestly protest against the "good natured friend." His obliviousness (to say the least) of *living* resident Consuls, etc., is injurious to the well-known statistical reputation of the *Tribune*.

P. S. The article in question has been copied from us very extensively by the press, in many cases (the *Tribune* included) *credited*, and and in many not. Every word of *The Musical World & Times* is copyrighted, and we allow extracts only on condition of crediting the same: (see first page). Having consulted with our lawyer as to instituting suits against offending parties in this city, for breach of copyright, we were about proceeding, when he shrewdly suggested that all journals who are able to *pay* the damages—even if awarded—had unquestionably credited the article. This came home to us—we acquiesced, and yielded the point.

☞ A capital article on FATHER TAYLOR, the "Boston Sailors' Preacher," as he is called, will be found on another page. It is from the graphic pen of FANNY FERN. Another excellent article by the same writer is given in this number.

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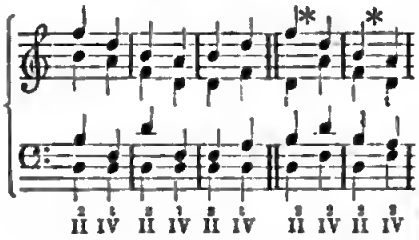
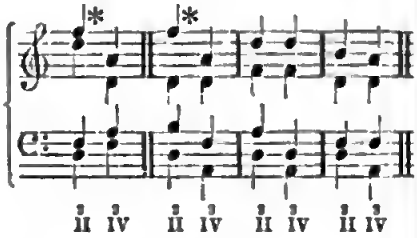
Answers to Correspondents.

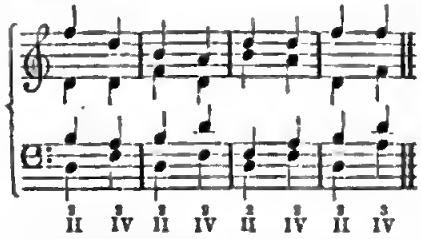
New York.—"I am a constant reader of your paper (subscriber of it), also a zealous student of your studies. As the English language is not my mother tongue, I found now and then terms in your studies which were not sufficiently distinct for me, and no dictionary would give me any light on the subject; but pursuing your course you made all plain to me. As the following chords are not like those in the key to exercise No. 10 (see No. 14, April 2.) I would beg of you the favor to state to me, by medium of your valuable paper, whether these chords are correct or not."



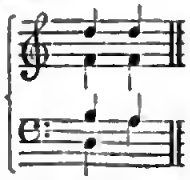


REPLY.

The chords are all correct, and the Diminished Triad in every case well arranged. But the *progressions* of the chords are not quite faultless. It may be of service to our correspondent to point out these blemishes. The first group (of three measures) is perfectly pure and well-written—no fault can be found with it. At the first star, there is a hidden 5th between the Tenor and the Contralto: for this case, see rule 4, Study 17. At the second star, there is a consecutive octave between the Tenor and Soprano: see rule 1. At the third star, there is a hidden 5th between the Soprano and the Alto: see rule 4. At the fourth star, there is a hidden octave between the Soprano and the Base: see rule 4. The rest are correct. I will now take the Diminished Triad, just as it is arranged in these several cases, and give pure resolutions:—



It is always well to let each part progress to the *next nearest point*, and avoid great skips: we thus avoid, also, mistakes of progression. For instance, a better resolution in the measure which succeeds the 4th star, (which is quite correct,) would have been, to double the A in the Tenor and Base, thus:



Our correspondent must not be discouraged at these blemishes in progression: every body makes them at first. We trust we have many as "zealous" and successful students of the course as he.

"J. L. M.," Newton, Ind.—"What is the meaning of the last finish of a piece of music—I saw a notice in your list a few weeks ago that the pieces were tolerable had they the last finish please inform me in your answers to correspondents."

REPLY.

We are not quite sure of the humor of our correspondent; whether he is inclined to be facetious or asks for information. If the former, we are glad to serve his purpose, and join in the joke; some fun may be had out of such an expression as "last finish." If the latter—the words have, to the writer, the composer, the painter, the sculptor, a significant meaning. The last finish, or putting the last *file* upon a production of any kind, constitutes oftentime all the difference between mediocrity and excellence, success and failure, and what *passes* in the world for genius or its opposite. A whole essay might be written on the subject—but we abstain. The *last finish* to our correspondent's letter, for instance, would have been the punctuation, which is entirely omitted, and which we have not supplied in order to have an example of our text.

"Do you think that any part of Solomon's Song could with propriety be selected, to furnish a text for composition of sacred music, in the form of anthems, &c.; for instance, the seven first verses of Chapter Second? There are some fine specimens of poetry contained in the whole, but I almost doubt, whether, from the general *impression* of the song, it would be admitted to the exercises of any church choir. Begging pardon for my continued questions, I have the honor, &c."

"N. B.—If by taking another copy of the "World" I can induce you to answer some questions, I am willing to do it."

REPLY.

We should hardly think the words selected were suitable for church purposes. Other selections might possibly be made which would serve a composer better. We should like, however, to hear a clergyman's opinion on this subject suggested—who will give it?—The music sent, is filed for publication.—If not too prolific of questions, we agree to our friend's naïf and excellent proposition.

F. B. M., Binghamton.—"I inclose a chant which I think has merit. Please examine, and if worthy of a place, publish it. It is to be chanted by our choir who are all subscribers to *The Musical World & Times*; and the publication would be a great convenience to us. We have the whole service by the same author, and if this is good enough for publication, will send you more. The publication will be esteemed a particular favor."

REPLY.

We like the chant exceedingly, and promise it an early publication. The crossing of the intermediate parts is odd, but the effect is not bad. Shall be glad to see more of the same service, if as good as this.

"Please to inform me who is the best instructor of Guitar music now residing in the city, and if the art of playing the Guitar may be learnt from Books.—If so, which are the best Books published on the subject, and where can can they be obtained? also what would be the probable length of time that it would take a person having a good ear for music to learn to play well? By answering these questions in the next publication of *The Musical World & Times*, you will much oblige a subscriber."

REPLY.

Mr. P. Ernst, Jr., is one of our best Guitar teachers.—The best Instruction books are by Carcassi, Carulli, Sor and Aguado, all to be had of Scharfenberg & Luis, and Oliver Ditson, of Boston. Learning to play the Guitar *without* a teacher will be rather difficult, unless a person have some knowledge of harmony and music generally. The length of time would depend entirely upon the ability. It is told of Kendall, a celebrated musician of Boston, that he never took up a new instrument without being able to play a tune on it before he put it down. Between this facility of learning instruments and the other extreme, there are various degrees of capacity.

Kalymzoo, April 5th, 1853.—"Will you have the kindness to inform me if it is your intention to follow your "Musical Studies for the Million," by a course of instruction in writing for orchestra. I have a desire to learn to arrange and to write for orchestra."

REPLY.

This is rather anticipating. There is so much to be done between studies and harmony and writing for an orchestra, that the mind has to take a long leap to connect the two. Instrumentation can be taught only very generally by the medium of types. The character, capacity and range of instruments is all that can be told. Writing for an orchestra implies necessarily some private teaching and actual practice. This, the "Normal School" advertised in our columns, will soon be able to furnish. We recommend to our subscriber the facilities here offered. Circulars may be had of Mason Brothers.

J. W. H.—"If this music is trash, burn it, and if not do what you think best, and you will oblige me. The C. M. and S. M. I did not know but would be fit for your monthly, and the other is almost like yours in the January No. I am a young and green composer, but music is my love. I rejoice greatly when I get a new *Musical World*—yes, I cannot express my gratitude to you for your valuable paper: I shall recommend it to all music-lovers."

Thanks at your good opinion of us. The harmony of your compositions is correct, and well arranged; we shall make choice of one of the pieces for publication.

J. W., Middlebury, Vt.—We have lately published a very pretty polka: did you not like it? We are constantly endeavoring to please *all* tastes in our selections. Vocal music, however, is more acceptable to the majority of subscribers than instrumental: neither, however, will be slighted. We do not bind back numbers: the cost of plain binding in New-York (which we can have done for you) is thirty-seven and a-half cents, and the forwarding price about twenty-five cents.

L. P., Orange.—A subscriber sends the following information for you.—"There is an instruction book for the Aeolian, published in New York, 1840, by Bourne, at the Depository of Arts, 399 Broadway, Grattan, Printer, 23 Wall-street, "Instructions for the Aeolina or Mund-Harmonica, with a Selection of Popular Melodies expressly arranged for the instrument."—It is written both ways, Aeolian, Aeolina.

R. M. V., Wayne, Me.—The compositions sent are very creditable for so young a writer. There are occasionally mistakes in harmony, but the progressions are mostly right. Go on in the same course—"practice makes perfect."

E. W., Hoboken.—We can furnish you with extra copies of each music as you mention. We cannot now say what they will cost. The price will be reasonable, however.

H. W.—*Mary Maccarmen* is a pretty song. It shall have place in *The Musical World*.

D. A., Brooklyn.—Your last volume is bound.

Weekly Report of Music.

—New York.—

A veritable triumph in *Sonnambula* has been accomplished, the past week, by Alboni and her troupe. The chief honors have been divided about equally between Alboni and Salvi. The houses have been large and the enthusiasm excessive. It is a remarkable thing—this performance by Alboni of soprano rôles. But transposition and the exceeding richness of her luscious voice bear her bravely through. Alboni and Salvi never sang better than they are now singing—if, in truth, they ever sang as well. All are agreed upon this, who have heard both, in the old countries, in former years. Competition, and the generous rivalry of two vocalists so distinguished as Sontag and Alboni have effected this. All are doing their very, very best; and the advantage is—the public's. We wonder if it is appreciated?—but the overflowing houses attest to this.

What a summer we are to have of it in New York?—Italian opera at Castle Garden and Niblo's—the Crystal Palace—Franconi's mon-

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ater Hippodrome—the "Academy" and "Düsseldorf Galleries of Paintings—the various great masters of the *Black Arts*, who now possess the city—together with the usual attractions of three theatres, two ever-be-crowded "operas" of the Negro-Minstrel quality, and the great Mississippi, Thames and other Rivers, which overflow and occupy the metropolis. All the American world will be in New York this summer; every American man, woman and child, will expect to have one look at the Crystal Palace; consequently, the number of Heaven-towering, mammoth Hotels going up at this present, is fabulous.

Academy of Design.—The new productions of our American artists have been opened for private exhibition twice, the past week; once for artists, the special friends of Art and the Press; and once for the same parties with *lady accompaniments*. On the first occasion, a most artistic banquet was spread in the larger saloon of the exhibition, and speeches from old masters and young, toasts and music, merrily sped the hours. On the second evening we had the sparkling champagne of woman's eyes and woman's wit, accompanied by the music of their sweet voices.—who could judge much, under such circumstances, of the merits of imitative Art?—had we not charming *nature* before us?—And yet the principal gems of the exhibition loomed up somewhat on our vision—a landscape by Durand, one by Church, and a very fine one by Kensett; also, close to the latter, a surpassing winter-view. We got a glimpse also of some admirable portraits which adorned the walls.—The exhibition is now opened to the public, and we advise every friend, as he strolls up Broadway to drop into these quiet and sequestered halls of Art, and clear his mind, for a season, of the dust and tarnish of the street—he will come out thence refreshed.

New Opera Houses.—Designs are on foot for new and magnificent Opera Houses in New-York, Boston and Philadelphia. The question of Italian or English opera has begun seriously to be agitated, and quite antagonistic opinions seem to be entertained. Our sympathies go strongly for the National Opera, but the practicability of it is a question requiring more consideration than we have yet been able to give. Those who have thought more, and really know more on the subject than ourselves, feel very confident.

Item.—Among the passengers by the steamer America, which arrived at Boston last week, were Mr. Lowell Mason and lady, who have been absent from America now nearly eighteen months. Mr. Mason's intention when he left our shores, was to be absent about four months. When he reached London, on his return, however, he was induced to deliver a few lectures on Psalmody and the Pestalozzian system of Instruction. These excited so much interest that more were called for, and he has spent the last six months in lecturing in London, Manchester, Edinburgh, &c. Our readers have already some notice of these lectures, which have excited much interest. Mr. Mason now returns to fulfil his engagements in the Normal Musical Institute, of which he is one of the directors. The introductory lecture will be be delivered by Mr. Mason in the Hall of the Institute, 806 Broadway, on Monday next, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Fanny Fern's Department.

Father Taylor, the Sailor's Preacher.

Written for The Musical World & Times.

You have never heard FATHER TAYLOR, the Boston Seaman's preacher? Well—you should go down to his church some Sunday. It is not at the court-end of the town. The urchins in the neighborhood are guiltless of shoes or bonnets. You will see quite a sprinkling of "Police" at the corners. Green Erin, too, is well represented: with a dash of Africa—checked off with "dough faces."

Let us go into the church: there are no stained glass windows—no richly draperied pulpit—no luxurious seats to suggest a nap to your sleepy conscience. No odor of patchouli, or *nonpareil*, or *bouquet de violet* will be wafted across your patrician nose. Your satin and broadcloth will fail to procure you the highest seat in the synagogue,—they being properly reserved for the "old salts."

Here they come! one after another, with horny palms and bronzed faces. It stirs my blood, like the sound of a trumpet, to see them. The seas they have crossed! the surging billows they have breasted! the lonely, dismal, weary nights they have kept watch!—the harpies in port who have assailed their generous sympathies! the sullen plash of the sheeted dead in its vast ocean sepulchre!—what stirring thoughts and emotions do their weather-beaten faces call into play! God bless the sailor!—Here they come; sure of a welcome—conscious that they are no intruders on aristocratic landsmen's soil—sure that each added face will send a thrill of pleasure to the heart of the good old man, who folds them all, as one family, to his patriarchal bosom.

There he is! How reverently he drops on his knee and utters that silent prayer. Now he is on his feet. With a quick motion he adjusts his spectacles, and eyes to the tardy tar, doubtful of a berth, "Room here, brother!" pointing to a seat *in the pulpit*. Jack don't know about *that!* He can climb the rigging when Boreas whistles his fiercest blast: he can swing into the long boat with a stout heart, when creaking timbers have parted beneath him: but to mount the *pulpit!*—Jack doubts his qualifications, and blushes through his mask of bronze. "Room enough, brother!" again reassures him; and, with a little extra fumbling at his tarpaulin and hitching at his waistband, he is soon as much at home as though he were on his vessel's deck.

The hymn is read with a *heart-tone*. There is no mistaking either the poet's meaning or the reader's devotion. And now, if you have a "scientific musical ear," (which, thank heaven, I have not,) you may criticise the singing, while I am not ashamed of the tears that steal down my face, as I mark the effect of good *Old Hundred* (minus trills and flourishes) on Neptune's honest, hearty, whole-souled sons.

—The text is announced. There follows no arrangement of dickeys, or bracelets, or eye-glasses. You forget your ledger and the fashions, the last prima donna, and that your neighbor is not one of the "upper ten," as you fix your eye (with me) on that good old man, and are swept away from worldly moorings by the flowing tide of his simple, earnest eloquence.—You marvel that these uttered truths of his, never struck your thoughtless mind before. My pen fails to convey to you the play of expression on that earnest face—those emphatic gestures—the starting tear or the thrilling voice;—but they all *tell* on "Jack."

And now an infant is presented for baptism. The pastor takes it on one arm. O, surely he is himself a father, else it would not be poised so gently. Now he holds it up, that all may view its dimpled beauty, and says: "Is there one here who doubts, should this child die to-day, its right among the blessed?" One murmured spontaneous *No!* bursts from Jacks' lips, as the baptismal drops lave its sinless temples. Lovingly the little lamb is folded, with a kiss and a blessing, to the heart of the earthly shepherd, are the maternal arms receive it.

Jack looks on and weeps! and how can he help weeping? *He* was once as pure as that blessed innocent! His *mother*—the sod now covers her—often invoked heaven's blessing on *her* son; and well he remembers the touch of her gentle hand and the sound of her loving voice as she murmured the imploring prayer for him, and how has her sailor boy redeemed his youthful promise? He dashes away his scalding tears, with his horny palm; but, please God, that Sabbath—that scene—shall be a talisman upon which memory shall ineffaceably inscribe,

"Go, and sin no more."

FANNY FERN.

Miscellaneous Musical News.

—Peekskill.—

(From a Correspondent.)

The Tenth Semi-Annual Convention of the Hudson River Musical Association was held at Peekskill on the 12th, 13th and 14th instants. Rev. M. N. McLaren, D. D., of Newburgh, presided, and Mr. H. W. Greatorex, Organist of Calvary Church in New York, directed the music. On the afternoon of Wednesday the members listened to a well-delivered and very interesting lecture by Oliver Dyer, Esq., of *The New York Musical World & Times*. The meeting on Wednesday evening was closed by prayer by the Rev. B. R. Hall, D. D., of Park Institute, Brooklyn. Thursday, at the business meeting, the following revised constitution was unanimously adopted.

PREAMBLE:—The members of this Association combined for the purpose of cultivating Sacred Music, do ordain the following Constitution:

ARTICLE 1. This Association shall continue to be known by the name of the Hudson River Musical Association.

ARTICLE 2. Its officers shall be a President, eight Vice-Presidents, a Secretary, a Treasurer, an Accepting Committee of three, and an Executive Committee of twenty; all of which officers shall constitute the Executive Board.

ARTICLE 3. The President shall preside at all meetings for business.

ARTICLE 4. The Vice Presidents, in the order of their names, shall officiate as President in his absence.

ARTICLE 5. The Secretary shall record the proceedings of the Association, conduct its correspondence, and make an annual report.

ARTICLE 6. The Treasurer shall keep an account of the finances, pay all bills after being audited by the Secretary or by the Executive Board, make an annual report, and at the expiration of his term of service, deliver to his successor in office all monies, vouchers and accounts pertaining to the Association.

ARTICLE 7. The Accepting Committee shall report to the Secretary the names of those persons whom they deem proper to become members.

ARTICLE 8. The Executive Board shall have charge of all general business, and may be called together at any time by the President and Secretary.

ARTICLE 9. Any person may become a member of this Association, on recommendation of the Accepting Committee by signing the Constitution.

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ARTICLE 10. Each male member shall pay one dollar annually.

ARTICLE 11. The Association shall convene annually on the third Tuesday of August and continue its meetings until the following Friday night.

ARTICLE 12. The election of officers shall be held on the last day of each convention

ARTICLE 13. This Constitution may be altered at any regular business meeting of the Association, by a two-third vote.

The concert was held on Thursday evening, and notwithstanding the continued rain, a large and respectable audience assembled. The choruses were performed with great taste and expression. All parts were well balanced. Prof. Greatorex favored the audience with two solos, given with power, feeling, delicacy and fine musical diction. The piano execution was of course faultless.

Miss E. M. Hall sang a very sweet solo, which commanded the breathless attention of every listener.

Mrs John Seymour delighted all with one of her impressive performances.

A stirring trio was well rendered by Prof. R. R. Hayman, basso, Mr. G. N. Seymour, tenor, and Mrs. Seymour soprano.

Not the least interesting part of the concert, was a duet, performed on flute and piano by Rev. Dr. Hall and daughter. In fact, the whole concert was much better than was anticipated by the most sanguine. The following resolutions were passed without a dissenting voice; after which Rev. Dr. McLaren made some appropriate remarks, and the convention was closed by prayer by the Rev. Mr. Halliday.

Resolved. That the thanks of this Association be tendered to the Trustees of the First Presbyterian Church in Peekskill for the interest they have manifested in the cause of sacred music by gratuitously offering their Church edifice for our use during the present convention.

Resolved. That our thanks are hereby tendered to the hospitable citizens of Peekskill for the kind reception they have extended to us on this occasion.

* * * * * *

Resolved. That our thanks are due Professor Greatorex for his assiduous labors to render the exercises of this convention pleasant and profitable

Resolved, That to Oliver Dyer, Esq., we sincerely tender our thanks for the admirable and unique lecture with which he favored us; and that we hereby request him to publish the same.

Resolved. That when this convention adjourns, it adjourn to meet in Poughkeepsie on the Third Tuesday of August next.

——Musical Conventions.——

There will be a Musical Convention at Concord, N. H., on the 28th and 29th inst., and another at New Britain, Ct., on the 3d, 4th and 5th of May next. Messrs. B. F. Baker and H. S. Cutler will have charge of the exercises, and Miss Hattie C. Bond will contribute the charms of her presence and voice on the occasion.

——Massachusetts Normal Schools.——

Mr. B. F. Baker has been appointed Professor of Music in the State Normal Schools of Massachusetts. When will our New York school authorities appoint some one Professor of Music in the institutions under their control? It is time Music were introduced into all our Public Schools.

Royal Thoughts on Music.

Ideas and Reflections on the Properties of Music,

BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE CROWN PRINCE OF HANOVER.

[HAD Walpole lived till these days, his list of royal and noble authors would have been somewhere about double the length he has left it. In his time it was considered a little marvellous for "a person of quality" to seek the bubble reputation through the agency of a publisher. Whether the higher classes were more modest in their pretensions than in the present day, or thought it beneath them to allow the breath of criticism to come betwixt the wind and their nobility, has not been ascertained; but a book from such a source or indeed anything that looked like an extraordinary exhibition of intellect, was a rarity of the rarest kind, and was regarded with that sort of indulgence which is usually allowed to persons who attempt a task under very singular disabilities. Now-a-days there is scarcely any branch of science or department of literature in which persons of rank are not continually evincing remarkable talent. The wit among lords may still exist, but only as an exception. The lord among wits, lately an unheard of phenomenon, is now almost an every-day occurrence. A book from a nobleman has ceased to be obliged to appeal to our liberality, to be thought a creditable performance—considering whence it came. Instead of which, publications from the noble of both sexes, are daily brought before the public, evincing a desire on the part of the authors, that they should be judged with all other competitors in the race of intellect, and this judgment awaits them without favor or prejudice.

But royalty as well as nobility, is found stepping forth from behind the barriers of ignorance and pride, which in times happily gone by, were so effective in excluding it from the sympathies of the rest of the world, and is frequently discovered honorably engaged in contributing no inconsiderable quota to the intellectual pleasures of society. In sculpture, the lamented Princess Marie of France has enriched modern art with a master-piece worthy of its most distinguished professors. In poetry and music, two scions of the House of Saxony joined their separate accomplishments to produce a work as creditable to their feelings as to their intellects, and now we have the pleasure of making public, through the medium of a translation,* pretensions to genius, no less incontestable in a literary production, from the pen of a member of the English royal family—most generally known among his countrymen as Prince George of Cumberland

We regret not having sufficient space to attempt to do justice to this charming composition; but as its merits are so conspicuous, it can scarcely fail of being appreciated wherever it is read. The lamentable deprivation under which this gifted enthusiast labored, must greatly increase the interest with which his imaginative language will be perused; and the passage in which the illustrious writer alludes to his own experience, in describing the blind man's discovery of the intentions of the composer from the pictorial character of his music, cannot fail to awaken the deepest sympathy.]

PREFACE.

How often do we hear expressions used by lovers of music, which show that, so far from appreciating the lofty and sublime character of music, they wholly misconceive it: that they regard it only as a medium of ordinary amusement, like cards and dancing, and feel little more respect for it than for those pastimes. We hear questions concerning the proper conception and enjoyment of music from persons who have not a musical ear; and from others who discover in the productions of the heroes of this art only a chaotic assemblage of imposing sounds, and an arbitrary or accidental variation of them with the softest and tenderest harmonies.

But music, that first and most beautiful language of the earth, is far too expressive, too sublime, too noble, for me to be able to give a satisfactory answer in oral conversation to such questions as the above, and sufficiently to discuss and correct such expression.

With ardent love, I have striven from early youth to make music my own. It has become to me a companion and comforter through life; it has become more and more invaluable to me; the more I learned to comprehend and appreciate its boundless exuberance of ideas, its inexhaustible fulness, the more intimately its poetry was interwoven with my whole being.

Perhaps, therefore, the following ideas as observations, called forth by zealous study and earnest meditations, are calculated to furnish a suitable answer to the above questions, to elucidate and to correct the expressions above alluded to; nay, even deaf persons themselves may find in them useful and instructive entertainment; lovers of music, a guide to the better comprehension of the art, and consequently to its higher enjoyments; and *connoisseurs*, at least some new ideas, or some notions that have not yet been submitted to the public.

If this end be fulfilled; if but a few enlightened admirers be gained for the lofty and noble art; if the inquiries of the lovers of music be but directed to some of its thousand brilliant qualities; if but here and there one feeling heart acquire a clearer comprehension, a higher relish, of its treasures; if but a few be deeply penetrated by the conviction, that this gift o Heaven, this speaking witness of revelation owes its origin to God alone: if but one be led to apply it to the worthy praise of the Most High—the object of these lines is accomplished, and I shall have earned the cheering recompense for these results of my inquiries, hastily written down in leisure moments, which I hereby humbly dedicate to sublime music, as one of its most fervent admirers.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS AND INQUIRIES.

In all considerations on subjects upon which the human mind purposes to try its powers, of which it desires to gain a conception, and from which it hopes to derive enjoyment, the first question that occurs to the logically-trained understanding is: What is that object? what is it called? what is its import? what is its peculiar nature?

To the end just mentioned, we therefore ask ourselves in the first place; "What is Music?" To this question the following will appear to be a pertinent answer; Music is a language in tones. By means of Music, ideas, feelings, and historical events, natural phenomena, pictures, scenes of life of all sorts, are as clearly and intelligibly expressed as by any language in words: and we are ourselves enabled to express ourselves in such a manner, and to make ourselves understood by others.

We will therefore call Music a language in tones, for which reason the next question requires us to give a definition of the nature of tone. What do we understand by the word *tone?*

Every sound which can be measured or weighed against any other precise sound is called tone. It arises from regular vibrations or undulations of the air, which are produced

* The original was written some fifteen years ago.

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either by the breath, as in singing, or in playing on wind-instruments, or by the striking or touching of a string, or any other sonorous object or body.

Every other sound which, on the touching even of objects susceptible of vibration, is not produced by *regular* undulations of the air, is only a noise; for instance, that of a blow upon a stone, or any other non-vibrating body; that arising from the discharge of fire-arms; the inarticulate accents of many animals, which may be called, crying, bellowing, howling, but not *tone:* the sound of improperly mixed or cracked bells; and even that of faulty, and unequally-stretched strings, by the defects of which the regular undulations of the air are prevented, &c.

A combination dependent on fixed rules of these tones that can be measured, we call *Music*; in the same manner, as by the combination of articulate sounds, *that* is produced, which in the narrower signification, we call *language*.

And, as a regulated combination of letters produces words, which operate variously upon our mind, by the combination of tones are produced sounds which affect our feelings in various ways. Or, in other words, the language of words addresses itself chiefly to the mind, whereas the language of tones claims a power more particularly over the heart and feelings, and thus operates immediately upon the mind. If it be asked how it is that our feelings can be expressed by tones, the only explanation that can be given is, that God bestowed on men at their creation the faculty of mutually communicating their thoughts and feelings, or of mutually exciting thoughts and feelings in one another by means of certain turns and variations of tones, which are consonant with certain feelings of our souls.

Of all the senses of man, sight and hearing are those by which most effect is produced upon mind and heart, and which are consequently the most powerful springs for the moral and rational feelings, actions, and opinions of men. But hearing appears to be the most influential and operative of the organs; for this reason, that by inharmonious discordant tones, our feelings may be so shocked, even to their deepest recesses, and so painfully wounded as to drive us almost beside ourselves; which impression cannot possibly be produced in us by a bad picture, a dreary landscape, or a very faulty poem.

Hence it follows that our feelings are in the closest and most intimate affinity with the domain of tones, and hence alone it is possible for the combination of them in a composition, and their particular quality, to produce so powerful an effect upon our feelings.

In order to the attainment of such effects, be it observed by the way, it is obvious that the composer must possess the talent to select grand and sublime scenes, to describe accurately expressive moments, which take captive all the feelings of the hearer; and to this end, the profoundest study of human inclinations, impulses, and passions, and the most comprehensive acquaintance with the language of Nature, is indispensably requisite. Were it otherwise, Music would not be an art. If the composer has acquired this high qualification, he can often give the noblest, most impressive, and most elevating music to wretched poems, and to poetic subjects which have been lamentably ill-treated and it may be boldly asserted that many compositions, even without their miserable and inappropriate text, would be equally intelligible and produce an equally fine effect; as, on the contrary, there are fine poems with bad or even disfiguring compositions, which would be better without any composition at all.

Among the peculiar qualities and advantages of Music must further be included this, that it excites indescribable feelings even in the most uncultivated minds, which need not stand upon the same step with that of the artist; this is more rarely the case with other arts.

We have still to ask ourselves the question: Why do we call this language of tones, *Music!* and what is the origin of this name?

Authors in all theoretical departments of the art, have for ages been writing and disputing about the origin of the term, *Musica*. As, however, such etymological discussions, often lead to no satisfactory result, or at least are generally of no benefit to the thing itself, we cannot do better in my opinion, than adopt that definition, which assures that Music, according to the mythology of the ancient nations, was an occupation and a gift of the Muses, and that it therefore derived its name from them. We are the more authorized to this assumption, since the Greeks, comprehended under the term "Music," not merely the art of tones, but also dancing, poetry, rhetoric, astronomy, grammar, in short, all the scientific knowledge which they had then acquired. Subsequently these other arts and sciences, as soon as they had attained independence, received other appellations, but to the most ancient of the arts was left the name of Music.

The two principal components of Music are

HARMONY AND MELODY.

Harmony is a concentrated combination of tones united into accords. It is good and pure when the rules for the combination and succession of accords are strictly observed.

The simultaneous tones of harmony either perfectly satisfy the ear, or they excite in the hearer a feeling of uneasiness, a desire, an impatience, for a solution, for relief. In the first case, they are called *consonances*, in the latter, *dissonances*. Both belong to the accord.

Melody is a succession of single tones, alternately higher and lower, of shorter or longer duration, founded on a particular mode, which constitutes the vocal part of a piece of music.* The melody ought to be like a spoken sentence, and therefore the succession of tones ought not to be without meaning, without intelligibility. It is to music what design is to painting. It must accurately express in the easiest and simplest manner, the feeling which is meant to be designated.

Harmony operates independently. Melody needs the support of harmony to ensure its effect, to strengthen its expression.

After these preliminary inquiries, we shall proceed to some observations on Music itself, its properties, and effects.

Music is divided into two departments—instrumental and vocal Music. Each of these two departments is produced in a totally different manner from the other; and their nature therefore is also totally different.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

possesses the high faculty, not only of expressing every feeling of the human heart, but also of delineating the occurrences of social life, the joyful and mournful incidents of earthly existence, its activity, its repose, and its tranquil pleasures, landscapes, and rural scenes, more permanently and more distinctly to the feelings than painting and poetry are capable of doing, and in such a manner as to be universally understood. Hence it may be compared with a universal language. It needs not, like vocal Music, the support of words of some language or other, to render itself intelligible in the same way and manner to all the civilised nations of the world, and to produce one and the same effect, that intended by the composition, upon the minds and feelings of the people of all countries. The music of dances, for instance, will everywhere be felt as an excitment to dancing. Grave, solemn music produces a corresponding feeling in every person; soft harmonies excite tender sensations; and plaintive tones call forth sadness and sympathy in every mind.

Similar phenomena manifest themselves in regard to the effects of individual instruments.

The sublime, solemn tones of the organ will excite in all men feelings of devotion only: the trumpet is everywhere the instrument of war and rejoicing; the horn calls to the chase, or awakens soft and cheerful sensations; the trombone associates itself with mourning and grave solemnities.

To such purposes, at least, were these instruments originally destined, according to their qualities, and they are still generally used for them, to say nothing of the manifold application in the present improved state of music.

The first musical instruments were no doubt attempts to imitate the human voice. These attempts produced the most singular varieties of them; they were afterwards employed to strengthen, to increase the effect produced, or intended to be produced, by the human voice; and at length were brought to such perfection that it became possible by means of them, even without the human voice, and without words, to take captive every feeling of the heart, to strike every one of its chords, to express clearly and intelligibly every one of its emotions.

Jubal is mentioned in scripture history as the first inventor of musical instruments. Miriam, the sister of Moses, used a drum to accompany her singing. In David's Psalms mention is made of stringed instruments, the zethith, the psaltery of eight and ten strings, likewise drums, trumpets, pipes, cymbals, harps, &c. It is to be presumed that in David's time the harp was an instrument pretty generally known, because David, who tended his father's flock, nevertheless played so well upon that instrument as to be able to dispel with it Saul's mental malady. In the tomb of Osymandias, at Thebes, in Egypt—and he lived two thousand years before Christ—have been found representations of musical instruments, one of which was very much like our present harp. So early as Solomon's time, the instrumental music had attained a high degree of development and improvement. But it

* In the system of an octave, we have twelve tones. Each of these tones has its own hard and soft scale, and consequently we have twenty-four different modes. The hard modes are better adapted to cheerful and lively, the soft to tender melodies.

was not till the invention of notation that music in general, and instrumental music in particular, made rapid advances; and it is since that epoch (984 after Christ) that the musical works of great composers of antiquity have been preserved and transmitted to posterity.

The composer, then, who is minutely acquainted with the properties, the compass, the force, the softness of each instrument, is able by the judicious employment and combination of these instrumental powers to produce the most extraordinary effects; he is able to represent by instrumental music a perfect, animated, and intelligible poetry, without having need of words. This is proved by many classic compositions, but above all by the masterpieces of the immortal Beethoven.

In his Pastoral Symphony, for instance, how clearly are the daily occurrences and the individual scenes of rural life presented to the hearer!

In the first scene a tranquil, cheerful, rural landscape, with living beings of all sorts, with the sound of the bells of the grazing cattle, and the pipes of the herdsmen, and with the joyous operations of the busy reapers and husbandmen, are represented with such accuracy that the pencil of the best painter could not delineate them with greater truth and fidelity.

In the second scene, "at the brook," the silence of the wood, the gentle murmur of the stream, the rippling of the water, its quiet meandering course, the song of the birds, the notes of the cuckoo, the lark, the nightingale, are rendered with an accuracy that is quite illusive.

The approach and assembling of the herdsmen and husbandmen, with their rustic music, with which they challenge one another to the merry dance, their harmless chat, their lively jokes, are set before us in the third scene of the symphony, just as they occur in the every-day life of the inhabitants of the country.

In the fourth scene the harmony of these rustic pleasures is interrupted. A thunder-storm gradually gathers at the horizon. It breaks out suddenly and majestically, and discharges itself with tremendous violence.

The faithful representation of these wonderful phenomena of nature fills the hearer with the same feelings as a real tempest excites in his soul—with awe, and fear, and admiration of the omnipotence of the Most High; for never, perhaps, have the four principal elements of a thunder-storm—lightning and thunder, rain and wind, been so accurately imitated, so impressively represented, in their combined effect, by any other production of art as this music.

And how admirably does this confused war of the elements subside! The storm gradually disperses and passes off; the thunder becomes more and more faint, till at length it ceases entirely, and here too the hearer fancies himself transported into reality by the musical delineation of the scene.

Again, the composer shows his acquaintance with human feelings, which, after a fortunate escape from the dangers of so alarming a scene are always poured forth in gratitude to Providence; since, in the exquisite prayer which follows, he represents the country-people as thanking God for his gracious protection, his heavenly blessing.

That high faculty of music, the faculty of representing by tones the various events of life more distinctly and impressively than can be done by any other art, and of exciting and expressing the different feelings of the human heart, cannot possibly be contested, after a minute and thorough examination of a composition so perfect and so grand in its design as the above.

I cannot refrain from adverting to some passages of the orchestra composition in the great Haydn's noble masterpiece, *The Creation*, in support of the above position.

How expressively, how truly, is the "Retreat of the host of infernal spirits into the depths of the abyss to everlasting night," rendered in the music! How characteristically the words "Despair, rage, and horror, accompany their fall!" Above all, how strikingly has the composer represented, with all the powers of music, the moment called forth by the creative words "Let there be light! *and there was light!*" At these words the orchestra discharges itself in a truly electric manner, so as absolutely to dazzle you. The hearer feels perfectly the impression which the real occurrence of this adorable miracle of Almighty power would make upon him; and in this delineation by tones is exhibited to the sense of mortal men the only possible representation of that sublime wonder in the most striking and convincing manner.

It is impossible to analyze here all the surpassing beauties of that admirable masterpiece. Every connoisseur will agree with me when I say that Haydn needed to have written but this one work to establish his fame for ever as a composer.

Another master-piece, Glück's *Iphigenia at Aulis*, portrays to the auditor the pride of a sovereign, the arrogance of a priest, paternal, maternal, and filial affection, a tender attachment, the courage of a hero, the cry of a people for revenge, the pains of parting, the feelings of death, the transports of joy, on account of unexpected deliverance—and all with such inimitable art, in a manner incomparably perfect, that the hearer is almost overcome by the vehemence of the tempest of emotions raised within him.

In E. Wenzel's composition for the pianoforte on Medora's song in Lord Byron's *Corsair*, which pictures her heart filled with enthusiastic passion, with profound grief at parting from her lover, and with gloomy forebodings, this purport of the poem is represented with striking truth, without the aid of words.

As a musical portraiture of an incident in social life, C. M. Von Weber's composition, *The Asking to Dance*, is distinguished by the fidelity and truth with which all the peculiarities and little circumstances of a ball are represented: the application of the dancer, the compliance of the lady, the dance itself, the conversation while resting, the renewal of the dance, and the leading back of the lady to her seat with thanks by her partner, are all presented by the music with the accuracy of life to the ear of the auditor.

In the *Freischutz*, by the same composer, the part of *Caspar* is so correctly imagined, so thoroughly studied, and so admirably rendered, that its prominent propensities, passions, and emotions—coarseness, incredulity, superstition, suspicion, spite, rage, malice, are in the music presented to the hearer in the most striking manner. It may admit of a question whether the extraordinary composition of the scene in the wolf's ravine, if performed in any other place than the theater, and without words and decorations—without the flapping owls and bats—the troop of wild huntsmen in the air, the spectral Samiel, &c., would not produce the same feeling of awe, and give intimation of some infernal workshop, with all its horrors and fearful shapes. In the same masterly manner is composed the overture of this opera, which gives the hearer a sort of summary of the contents of the whole piece. At the same time, this composition is a speaking evidence in behalf of the assertion already made, that the composer who is able to seize the precise spirit and meaning of a poem, can also express that meaning correctly and eloquently without words; and that, carried away by the intensity of his feelings, he then frequently imparts to his music a fervor, a sublimity, a fidelity of expression, which leave the text and its author far behind. What, for example, has Weber made of the scoffing chorus of *Kilian* the peasant, and his companions? And would one imagine that it was possible to invent characteristic music to *such* poetry?

In the introduction to Bellini's *Norma* there is a most ingenius representation of a country. Commencing with low tones, it unfolds itself in sombre harmony, and faithfully reproduces the same impression that the darkness of a thick wood makes upon the wanderer. Single, sliding, and abrupt notes, seem to denote lighter spots in the dark wood, and thus the first decoration of the opera, the grove of sacrifice, is appropriately represented.

The reader will certainly be still more struck by the appositeness of this musical picture, when I assure him that I know a blind person who, when he first heard this introduction, immediately guessed that it was intended to represent a scene in a wood.

These few examples from the great profusion of the most exquisite productions of music will be sufficient to convince the reader—if he will listen attentively when he is present at the performance of those operas—that instrumental music is capable of correctly expressing, and clearly representing to our minds, every feeling of the human heart, the incidents of social life, joy and sorrow, labor and repose, nay even countries and landscapes.

But instrumental music further possesses the peculiar property of producing simultaneously in different persons such an effect that each finds his own individual feeling excited and expressed—an assertion which is not far-fetched but taken from life, and on which I will try to be more explicit.

Figure to yourself a social party, near which a plaintive and pathetic piece of music is performed; this piece of music will certainly excite corresponding feelings in all the hearers. But how does it excite them in each in particular? To express, for instance, the sorrow of each individual in words, each would require a poem consonant with and describing his particular sorrow. Now Music possesses the extraordinary property of exciting and expressing the individual feelings of all with *the same* tones. Attentive observers will confirm this; nay, there are certainly but few persons who have not experienced it at some time or other, since there are, alas! but few who have not been oppressed by some kind of sorrow and affliction.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

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COMPOSITIONS OF CONTRIBUTORS.

No 3.

Mary, Mavourneen! Acushla ma cree!

MARY, DARLING! BLOOD OF MY HEART!

Words by J. D. CANNING, Esq. Music by HENRY WILSON.

1. The world it is wide, and the world it is cold, And dear to the world-ling are sil - ver and gold; But dear - er by far is my Mary to me, My
2. The ci - ty may boast of its man-sions so fair; I care not, though beauty in splen-dor is there; In a lone, quiet nook a brown cot-tage I see—There's
3. Bright gems such as sparkle in roy - al - ty's crown, May deck with their lus-tre the belles of the town; But the light of thine eye is a jewel to me, My
4. Abroad I have rov'd like a bird from its nest. And view'd Nature's charms from the east to the west; But her charms—dearest charms—sweetly center for me, In

ANDANTINO CON ESPRESS.

mf

Ritard.

A tempo.

Ritard.

Mary mavourneen, ! a- cush-la - macree! My Mary ma-vour-neen! a - cush - la - ma- cree!

A tempo.

Ritard.

Sfz.

A tempo.

ad lib.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Dyer & Willis, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of N. Y.

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COMPOSITIONS OF CONTRIBUTORS.

No 2.

Evening Song.

Poetry by THOMAS MOORE.
Composed by JAMES MORRIS.

ANDANTINO. DOLCEMENTE.

SOPRANO.

Hark! tis the breeze of twi-light, call-ing Earth's wea-ry chil-dren to re - pose; While round the couch of na-ture

ALTO.

TENOR. Cres.

Guard us, O Thou, who never sleepest, Thou who, in silence throned a-bove, Throughout all time, unwearied,

BASE.

fall - ing, Gent-ly the night's soft curtains close! Soon, o'er a world, in sleep re- clin - ing, Numberless

keepest, Thy watch of Glory, Power, and Love. Grant that, beneath thine eye, secure - ly Our souls, a-

Entered acording to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by DYER & WILLIS, in the clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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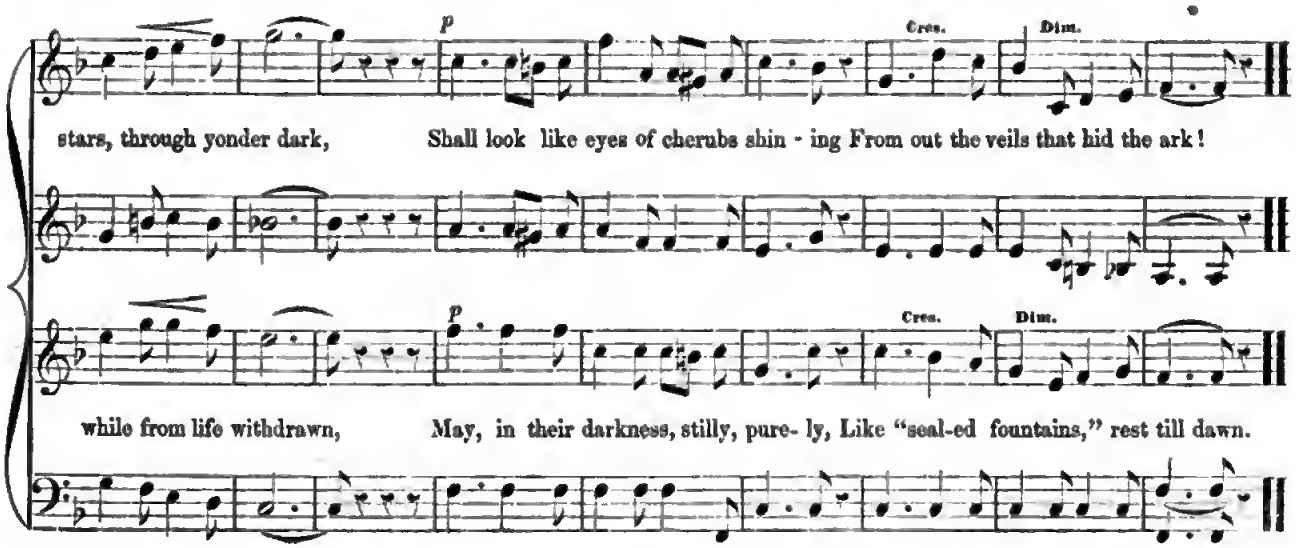
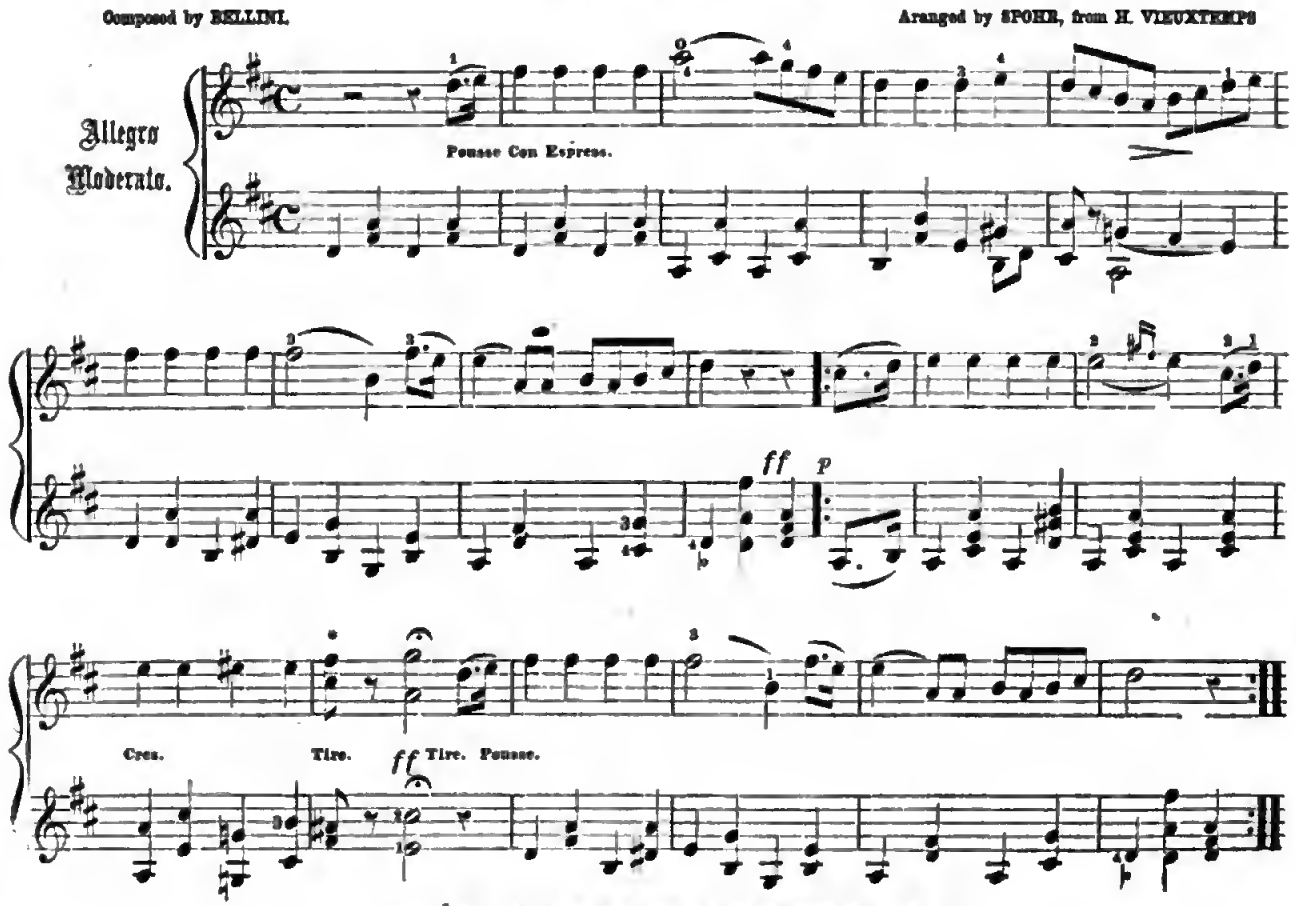


Air from Il Pirata!

FOR TWO VIOLINS.

Composed by BELLINI. Arranged by SPOHR, from H. VIEUXTEMPS



* This C ♯ and A to be omited if the melody is played without the second.

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The Lullaby.

AS A GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.

Music by STORACE. Harmonized by V. NOVELLO.

1st TREBLE. Soft and slow.

1. Peace-ful slumb'ring on the o - cean, Sea- men fear no dan - ger nigh; The winds and waves in gen - tle mo-tion, Soothe them
*2. In the wind tem-pes-tuous blow-ing, Still no dan - ger they des - cry; The guile - less heart its boon be-stow-ing, Soothes them

2nd TREBLE.

TENOR. 8ve lower.

1. Peace-ful slumb'ring on the o - cean, Sea- men fear no dan - ger nigh; The winds and waves in gen - tle mo- tion, Soothe them
*2. In the wind tem-pes-tuous blow-ing, Still no dan - ger they des - cry; The guile - less heart its boon be-stow-ing, Soothes them

BASE.

ACCOMP. Soft and slow.

* The words of the 2nd verse will suggest a variation in the marks of expression.

Cres. Cres. Dim. pp Slower.

with their lul-la - by, lullaby, lul-la-by, lul-la-by, lul-la-by, Soothe them with their lul-la- by, lul - la - by.
with its

lul - la, lul- la-by.

with their lul-la- by, lulla, lul - la, lul-la-by, lul-la-by, lul-la-by, Soothe them with their lul-la- by, lul - la - by.
with its

lul - - - - - la - - - - by.

Cres. Dim. pp Slower.

Published By J. Alfred Novello, 389 Broadway, New York.

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Musical Studies:

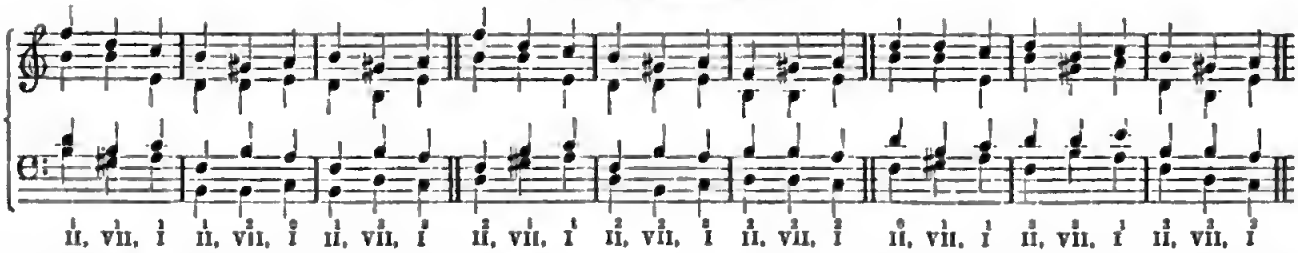
BY RICHARD STORRS WILLIS.

NUMBER XXXI.

USE OF THE DIMINISHED TRIAD ON 2d. DEGREE MINOR.

(*Key to Exercise No.* 13.)

II to VII, with resolution of VII.

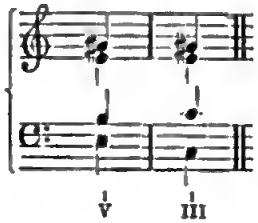


This exercise completes, then, the use of the Diminished Triad on the second degree minor. We have now had practical experience of, and learned to use, *three* triads; namely, the major—the minor—and the diminished triad, both on the seventh degree, and on the second minor. So that the student will see that we have made some progress. There now remains to us three triads more; these are, the *superfluous*—the *major-diminished*—and the *doubly-diminished*.

The Superfluous Triad, it will be remembered, is found on the third degree of the minor scale—and no where else. In this triad, as in the preceding one, we have a dissonance. But this dissonance is sharper or *harsher* than the former one, and must be *prepared*.

What is preparation?

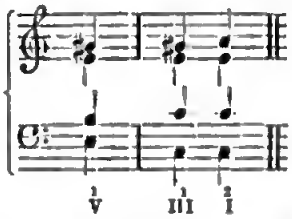
A discord is prepared, when the discordant note occurs in the chord immediately preceding (and in the same part) *as a concord*. For instance:



Here we have, first, the triad based on the fifth degree of the minor scale of A. The upper note is G♯, and appears in the chord as a *concord*—it is not dissonant. In the second chord, we have the same G♯, but its relations are now changed; it is the fifth of the triad on the third degree of the scale, and is dissonant.

This, then, is what we call preparing a dissonance; the discordant note (G♯) appearing in the previous chord (and in the same part) as a *concord*.

But now, every discord must be *resolved*.—What is the resolution of *this* discord?—The discord of the Superfluous Triad resolves upward, a single degree; that is, from the seventh degree of the scale to the eighth. To show this, I will add a *resolving chord* to the example just given:—



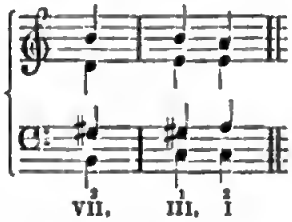
Here we have, then, three chords; in the first, the discord is prepared; in the second, is embodied; in the third the discord is resolved.

But, it can now be asked, can the discordant tone of the triad in question, be prepared *only* in the triad based upon the fifth degree of the scale, as in the present instance?—I reply no—the discordant tone can be prepared in *any* chord in which the same occurs as a concord.

There are two triads which are principally useful in preparing the dissonance of the Superfluous Triad; these are,

V and VII.

The former we have already used; here follows an example of the latter:—



In this example it will be observed, that the dissonance (G♯) is prepared in the Tenor; occurs in the Tenor and is resolved in the Tenor. A discord must be prepared, introduced and resolved in the same part.

We will now proceed to use this Superfluous Triad—compel it into our service—just as we have done the others. It would be well if it were left to the student, himself, to prepare the discord as he might like; but to save him that trouble I will give preparation, chord, and resolution, in the group which now follows to be worked out as an exercise for next week.

III to I.

VII, III, I | V, III, I | V, III, I
V, III, I | V, III, I | V, III, I
V, III, I | VII, III, I | V, III, I

Some of these resolutions of the Superfluous Triad will be impossible: I leave it to the student to discover which. The *preparations* will all be possible.

Remember, then, that the first chord is that of the preparation, the second that of the discord, and the third that of the resolution. It may be remarked, that the Superfluous Triad is a chord of great spice and elegance, and it is to be hoped, that the student will learn to use it with facility and skill.

Musical Magic Lantern.

[Continued from page 228.]

Prepared for *The Musical World & Times*,

BY ALLEGRO.

Zingarella.

"Before he composed, he had to read classical Latin, and could then, in four hours sketch an entire act of his *Pyrrhus* or his *Romeo and Juliet*."

Sachini.

"He could not produce a melody unless beside his lady-love and surrounded by his cats."

Paesiello.

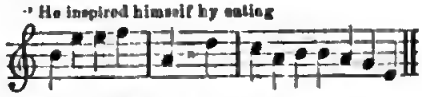
"He loved the bed; from between matresses sprung up his *Molinari*."

Anfossi.

"He could not write a note unless he saw himself surrounded by roasted capons, smoking sausages, and dried hams."

Joe. Weigl.

"He inspired himself by eating



Richard Wagner.

"He composes with the greatest inspiration when something has provoked him. A dispute which has aroused his blood becomes to him the source of his best ideas."

Windmutter.

"Ah, had I liv'd when song was great,
And legs of trees were limber,
And ta'en my fiddle to the gate,
And fiddled in the timper!"—*Tennyson.*

McDonatt.

"I am young and I'm happy."

Wettis.

"I ask not for glory."

Hook.

"I have loved thee, dearly loved thee."

Fern Leaves, *from Fanny's Portfolio.*

"By the holy orders I have received, since Apollo was Apollo, the Muses Muses, and the Poets Poets, so humorous and so whimsical a book as this was never written; it is the best and most singular of the kind that ever appeared in the world; and he who has not read it, may reckon that he has not read anything of taste: give it me here, for I value the

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finding it more than if I had been presented with a cassock of Florence satin."

J. G. Maeder.

"Do all things in the greatest style,—
We must not have the vulgar smile."
—*Don Pasquale.*

Ulmo.

"Blame not me,
I dreamt of thee."

G. Bedlar.

"Has been accused of possessing talents. Has been tried and acquitted."

Adolph Adam.

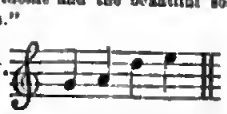
"The author of *The Postillion of Lonjumeau*, and other popular operas, writes his *partitions* in a very singular manner. Adam after dinner lies down on his sofa, covers himself, except his nose, with eider-down (even in summer) and places his two large cats, one at his head and the other at his feet. In this suffocating position he finds his charming melodies—which go as with steam."

Gretry.

"He writes in his memoirs that he inspired himself by drinking tea and lemonade."

Sarti.

"He required a large empty room, dimly lighted by a single shaded lamp. His thoughts flowed only in the calm stillness of night. Thus he composed his *Medonte* and the beautiful song *la dolce campagna.*"

N. W. 

"*C'est le ton qui fait la musique.*"
(It is the tone that makes the music.)

Waldteufel.

"Pray, sir, who is this man, who makes such a strange figure, and talks so extravagantly."—*Don Quixote.*

Jones.

"It spoils a man to marry him."

G. J. Webb.

"Brave and devout:
He knows by heart all that's in the Bible."
—*The Prophet.*

R. Willmers.

"In framing artists, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed."
—*Shakespeare.*

Auber.

"Room! room! Take care of yourself good inhabitants of Paris! Do you not see a horseman approaching at rapid speed? See how his horse obeys his spurs and bridle, how it dances over space. It gives away to the fiery rider, for he does not gallop only; no, he composes also! Yes, dear reader, it is the man who composed *Fra Diavolo, Masaniello*, etc. Auber's horse is the only one which can be styled *Pegasus* without falling into the stream of mythologie. It has been said that the following is the manner in which he composed one of his most beautiful choruses One day a man rode through the vegetable and fish market of Paris, surrounded by tubs and baskets, in spite of the resistance of the police. It is impossible to describe the noise and hallooing that followed this attack; fruitsellers, vegetable and fish merchants, market-master, police officers all crying out together. In the midst of all this screaming the rider was happy! It was *Auber*, who caused all this noise in order to find a *theme* for his market chorus in *Masaniello.*

H. C. Watson.

"He is eminently figurative in his language, and scatters ideas about him with a lavishness that show how exhaustless is genius."—*Dutchman.*

H. Lemoine.

"I like Mr. Lemoine's music best, because I don't like any music, and his comes nearest to nothing of any that I ever heard."

C. Gellnick.

"He was christened *wild* wineger, fed on green grapes and crab-apples, drank nothin but lemon-juice and sour cider all his life, and never come near anybody widout gubbin dem a stumjach ache."—*N. Y. Picayune.*

G. G. Foster.

"I never knew a man of letters *ashamed of his profession.*"—*Thackeray.*

J. Moscheles.

"To the strange beauty of this music (little noticed or valued) I have become quite wedded. It is more varied and beautiful than people think."

F. Abt.

"A variety of other songs may be expected, *too tedious* to mention."

G. Meyerbeer.

"We step now to Meyerbeer, the man of mournful melodies, of great songs, and earnest sighing harmonies. Behold him alone in a solitary barn, separated from all human society, seated at his piano. The wind moans through the cracked walls, the rain pours in streams through the broken roof, the wanderer seeks shelter to protect him from the storm. A single man enjoys this rebellion of nature, this overflowing of the elements. It is Meyerbeer;—his fingers bring forth the strangest of productions upon the piano."

Gluck.

"To enliven his imagination and to transfer himself to the *Lower Region, Tauris, or Sparta*, he found nothing so efficient as to seat himself in the middle of a great meadow. There, in the free air, exposed to the rays of the sun, with his piano before him, and beside him some bottles of champagne, he composed his two *Iphigenias, Orpheus*, etc."

Baron von Flotow.

"Baron of what?"
"*Barren of Intellect.*"

G. Spontini.

"'This must be the music,' said he, 'of the *spears*, for I'm blest if each note of it doesn't run through one."—*Moore.*

Sanford's Opera Troupe.

"And there are songs and quavers, roaring, hamming,
Guitars, and every other sort of strumming."
—*Byron.*

A. B. Packard.

"Happy times, and happy age, in which my famous exploits shall come to light, worthy to be engraved in brass, carved in marble, and drawn in picture, for a monument to all posterity."—*Don Quixote.*

Wurzel.

Verily, your worship is the devil himself; and there is nothing but what you know."—*Ibid.*

Hurt.

"How shall I know thee?"

P. A. Smith.

"I am not married yet."

H. Bertini.

"His are works of genius and fancy, and do nobody any hurt."

Prof. Janke.

"I won't have any man teach you anything. You know quite enough already, without extending your knowledge by foreign instructions."—*Fra Diavolo.*

Miss Daffin.

"Principal Alto at St. Patrick's."

Miss McGregor.

"The accomplished Organist at St. Luke's."

Miss Phelps.

"The talented Soprano at St Paul's."

Lola.

"What's the business
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleeper of the house?—Speak, speak."
—*Shakespeare.*

M. Muretzek.

"If you wish to write with ease, be comfortable. Even Shakespeare could not be witty while laboring under an attack of tight boots, or philosophical while cramped by a tight-fitting coat, or a leather neck-tie."—*Dutchman.*

Hewitt. (*Spring Flower Polka.*)

"The 'beauteous stranger of the wood,'
The 'harbinger of spring,'
May tell the Jersey rustics when
Stern winter's on the wing."—*Lantern.*

Van Der Weyde.

"Dear Dutchman—very still times. Weather fair and surely spring-like. The amusements are about 'done for the season.'"—*Jack Humphries.*

Miss Fitzpatrick.

"The *Howard* is yet open, Miss F. being the *card.*"—*Ibid.*

Mr. Murdock.

Murdoch's houses, at the *National*, were very slim."—*Ibid.*

Mr. Coney.

"Coney and his dogs succeeded Murdock."—*Ibid.*

Mr. Leonard.

"L. has quite swamped himself with the management—so says rumor."—*Ibid.*

Mr. Willard.

"W. has done nothing with the *Howard*, and seems to have taken a notion to run a *tilt* at the 'press gang,' said gang being now up and at him like bricks. Mr. W., doubtless, has been *bored* some, has finally 'got mad,' and has not that subtle virtue, prudence, to conceal his anger. Will let them fight it out."—*Ibid.*

H. Schwing. (*Autumn Rondo.*)

"Wild is the music of autumnal winds,
Amongst the faded woods."—*Wordsworth.*

Bietzel — Wiese.

"Wouldn't they play on the flute, and sing the soul out of me?"—*Fanny Fern.*

Wood's Minstrels.

They beat the *Eye*-taliane a long chalk: they sing so *high*, some on 'em, they go clear out of hearing sometimes, like a lark."

Kanebel.

"I have a horn as some from France, that will turn all the milk sour when you blow it hard."

Lacrelx.

"And I have a trumpet that will throw a monkey into fits."

Hatton.

"Merry little fat man."

F. Paer.

——"Some steal a thought,
And clip it round the edge, and challenge him
Whose 'twas to swear to it."—*Bailey.*

Signora Pico Vietti.

"*Bonne et belle assez.*"

Jos. Burke.

"*Comme il faut.*"

Infant Drummer.

"Do not think, sir, to feed me with pap: for I am no suckling."

Meves.

"My lute, it has but one sweet sound."

Schnyder von Wartensee.

"*Bonum virum facile dixeris—magnum libenter.*"
(You would readily pronounce him a good man, and willingly, a great one.)

J. Hachner.

"A man of few words, not easily provoked, and soon pacified."

W. Wieprecht.

"Pardon him! he knows no manners but those of a rough soldier."—*The Huguenots.*

J. C. Johnson.

"He has, I know not what,
Of greatness in his looks, and of high fate
That almost awes me."—*Dryden.*

[Will Allegro tell us for whom the following compliment was intended?]

"Her sacred beauty hath enchanted heav'n,
And had she lived before the siege of Troy,
Helen, whose beauty summon'd Greece to arms,
And drew a thousand ships to Tenedos,
Had not been nam'd in Homer's Iliad;
Her name had been in every line he wrote."
—*Marlo.*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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New Books received.

The Union Glee Book, by B. F. Baker and L. H. Southard, has been lying on our table for several weeks. We have not had time to examine it critically; but it looks well. Published by Henry Tolman, 153 Washington st., Boston.

The Amateur Organist, by John Zundel: Mason Brothers, N. Y. It is our intention to review this work hereafter in the mean time, no hazard will be run in buying the Amateur Organist, as Mr. Zundel's well-known ability is an ample guarantee of its scientific accuracy and general excellence.

Spirit Rapping Unveiled, by Rev. H. Mattison, A. M., Pastor of the John street M. E. Church: Mason Brothers, New York. This is a highly amusing and instructive volume—so far as we have read. It "turns up rich," and contains many excellent illustrations. Just the thing for railroad, steamboat and after-dinner reading. It is cheap, too, and "just the right size."

Graham's Magazine for May is received. It is an excellent number; containing twenty-nine articles and fifteen illustrations. The publisher says that, "Graham for the year 1853 shall form two volumes superior to any that have ever appeared in the country."

The Illustrated News is rapidly improving. Its editorial management is excellent, the illustrations graphic and spirited, and its subjects well-chosen and timely. The most serious blemish hitherto has been the imperfection of the printing; but we observe by the number for this week, that even this difficulty is being overcome by the energy and tact of the publishers. Leland's stories and other contributions are alone worth the price of the work.

Reed Instruments again.

For The Musical World & Times.

Your correspondent, G. W. Chase, in your issue of the 9th inst., seems to suppose, that no reed instruments were imported into this country from Europe, until after their manufacture had been commenced here—in 1824. I remember hearing of a musical clock—a small reed-organ being attached—near Lancaster, Pa., as early, I think, as 1818. It was probably imported from Germany by its owner, himself an ingenious artist and musician of that country.

He also errs in supposing that the Accordeon was first imported from Germany about 1833. I happened to be in Bonfanti's variety store, on Broadway in your city, in the Spring of 1830, when he received his first package of Accordeons, I think from Paris. Much pleased with the sounds of the novel instrument, I examined it with perhaps closer scrutiny than politeness warranted, and discovered how the reeds were formed, before I left the store. Communicating my discovery, shortly afterwards, to two humble but ingenious musicians, (George and Peter L. Grosh, of Lancaster county, Pa.,) we conceived a plan for making a larger and more effective instrument, on the same plan. Accordingly, that summer, they framed a triangular box, with three rows of reeds on each side, running perpendicularly, with a reservoir bellows on the third side. This was to be held on the lap, the reservoir bellows next to the person. Connected with this reservoir, and extending backward under each arm, were two larger bellows, connected by a cross rod in front, so that closing the one opened the other. These two were worked by the elbow of each arm, allowing the fingers to rest on the keys on each side of the box in front. This singular-shaped, bagpipe-like instrument, discoursed very sweet music; but its clumsy appearance, and the seeming difficulty of using elbows and fingers at the same time, prevented many from purchasing and using the *Euphoniad*—for that was the name bestowed on it. The manufacturers probably did not make more profit than sufficed to pay the expense of procuring their *patent*. Yet, to this day, I have never heard the rich, sweet, *smooth* tones of those Euphoniads exceeded by any other instruments of the kind. And I have been informed that P. L. Grosh, the surviving partner, has succeeded in improving much the tones of that early instrument; giving to them the sounds of the flute, the trumpet, and other instruments, by slight changes in their construction. But concerning this latter particular, I cannot speak from personal knowledge, not having seen any instrument of late construction by him. A. B. G.

Fort Plain, N. Y., April, 1853.

"More light," then, on the subject of Reed Instruments. The residence of Mr. P. L. Grosh at present, we understand, is about five miles from Lititz and seven from Lancaster, Pa., where he is well known as a portrait and fancy painter. It is a matter of regret that any degree of musical ingenuity should be lost to the world. —Ed.

Poole's Euharmonic Organ.

We give place willingly to the following letter received from Mr. Poole. Why could not Mr. Poole have one of his instruments put up in the Crystal Palace? It would be an interesting feature of the exhibition: perhaps the very instrument in the *Indiana Place Chapel*, spoken of below.

Editor of The Musical World & Times:—With your permission I should be glad to say a word in regard to the remarks in your paper of the 9th inst., in answer to your correspondent, "N. P. B., Fulton:" and especially so, as the conclusions might be construed to have been the result of my "experience." In the first place, the title of the instrument referred to, is Allen & Poole's Euharmonic Organ, Mr. Jos. Allen of Newburyport being joint and equal inventor. In regard to the *success* of the organ, if I were to give an opinion I should say that it had been eminently successful. It has been used at the *Indiana Place Chapel* for over three years, it has had during that time no repairs or tuning, (except the reeds, once a year) and has been at all times in perfect order and tune. It seems to operate to the satisfaction of all who like music in tune, and all musicians who have visited it, (except one eminent organist,) have been of such preferences. This exceptional gentleman, however, I must admit, decidedly prefers to have the chords a little out of tune. If we will but let the organists be the judges, it is settled that church music, for which the organ is intended, can be played on it, by one who understands musical composition, without long practice. I must also beg leave to differ from your opinion upon the acuteness of the common ear. From many experiments, I have been led to believe that among a thousand persons taken at random, not more than one could be found who, when he had the opportunity for comparison, would not perceive the difference between perfect and tempered octaves, fifths, thirds or sevenths. But even if they could not at a first hearing, I believe it to be a worthy work to train the ear until it could. The person who cannot discriminate so far could take but a little pleasure in music. But when the *Germania* orchestra at an oratorio plays its chords, and is accompanied or followed by the organ, scarcely any one can fail to notice the pure harmony of the first and the rough and vague attempts of the latter.

We have been congratulating ourselves on our complete success thus far. Two organs have been built: they have operated as desired and have had the approval of all. It is now to be wished that churches should cultivate some knowledge of organs in general, which, as is notorious, they have sadly neglected, and should take a deeper interest in their music. We have not supposed, that in three years, more could be done in such a reform than has been done. But we have already progressed so fast that it would be scarcely safe to declare what, not a long time since, was generally believed and taught, that imperfection of tune was naturally inherent in the musical scale, and that the Creator had so established it "to show his inexplicable power."

It is to be hoped that your correspondent, "N. P. B." and all others competent, will aid in bringing about the time which sooner or later will come, when the organ shall be required to play in as correct intonation as a *Germania* orchestra. I am very respectfully yours, Henry W. Poole.

One of Fanny Fern's Best.

From the True Flag.

Tiny blades of grass are struggling between the city's pavements. Fathers, and husbands, sighing, look at the tempting shop windows, doleffully counting the cost "of a spring outfit." Muffs, and boas, and tippets, are among the things that *were;* and shawls, and "Talmas," and mantles, and "*little love of bonnets,*" reign supreme, though maiden aunts, and sage mammas, still mutter — "East winds, east winds," and choose the sunnier sidewalk.

Housekeepers are making a horrible but necessary Babel, stripping up carpets, and disembowelling old closets, chests, and cupboards.—Advertisements already appear in the newspapers, setting forth the superior advantages of this or that dog-day retreat. Mrs. Jones drives *Mr.* Jones distracted, at a regular hour every evening, hammering about "change of scene, and air," and the "health of the dear children;" which, translated, means a quantity of new bonnets and dresses, and a trip to Saratoga for herself and intimate friend, Miss Hob-Nob; while Jones takes his meals at a restaurant—sleeps in the deserted house, sews on his missing buttons and dickey strings, and spends his leisure time where *Mrs.* Jones don't visit.

Spring is coming!

Handsome carriages roll past, freighted with lovely women, residents of other cities, for an afternoon drive. Dash on, ladies! You will scarcely find the environs of Boston surpassed, wherever you may drive. A thousand pleasant surprises await you; lovely winding paths and pretty cottages, and more ambitious houses with groups of statuary hidden amid the foliage. But forget not to visit our sweet Mount Auburn. Hush the light laugh and merry jest as the gray-haired porter throws wide the gate for your prancing horses to tread the hallowed ground. The dark old pines throw out their protecting arms above you, and in their dense shade, sleep eyes as bright—forms as lovely as your own—while "the mourners go about the streets." Rifle not, with sacrilegious hand, the flowers which bloom at the headstone—tread lightly over the beloved dust! Each tenanted grave entombs bleeding, *living* hearts; each has its history, which eternity shall alone reveal.

Spring is coming!

The city belle looks fresh as a new-blown rose—tossing her bright curls in triumph, at her faultless costume and beautiful face. Her lover's name is Legion—*for she hath also golden charms!* Poor little butterfly! bright, but ephemeral! You were made for something better. Shake the dust from your earth-stained wings and—*soar!*

Spring is coming!

From the noisome lanes and alleys of the teeming city, swarm little children, creeping forth like insects to bask in God's sunshine—so *free to all.* Squalid, forsaken, neglected; they are yet of those to whom the Sinless said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." The dispated crust, the savage curse, the brutal blow, their only patrimony! One's heart *aches* to call THIS *childhood!* No "spring!" no summer, to them! Noisome sights, noisome sounds, noisome odors! and the leprosy of sin following them like a curse. One longs to fold to the warm heart those little forsaken ones; to smooth those matted ringlets, to throw between them and sin the shield of virtue—to teach their

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little lisping lips to say "*Our Father!*"

Spring is coming!

Yes, its blue skies are over us—its soft breezes shall fan us—the fragrance of its myriad flowers be wafted to us. Its mossy carpet shall be spread for our careless feet—our languid limbs shall be laved at its cool fountains—its luscious fruits shall send health through our leaping veins—while from mountain-top, and wooded hill, and flower-wreathed valley, shall float our glad anthem of praise from tiniest feathered throats.

Dear reader! From that human heart of thine shall so burst of grateful thanks arise to Him who *giveth all?* While nature adores—shall *man be dumb?* God forbid!—*Boston True Flag.* FANNY FERN.

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THE managers of the NEW YORK NORMAL MUSICAL INSTITUTE have the pleasure of announcing that they have secured the co-operation of Mr. E. HERMAN WILLIS, who, in connection with Mr. BRADBURY, will have charge of the subjects of HARMONY, THOROUGH BASS, &c.

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NEW YORK MUSICAL TIMES.

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"I ever held this sentence of the Poet as a canon of my creeds: that whom God loveth not, they love not Musicke."—*T. Morley*, 1599.

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RICHARD STORRS WILLIS, Editor. } NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1853. { VOLUME V, No. 18. Whole No. 109.

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N. Y. Normal Musical Institute.

The most original musical institution of the day has the last week quietly sprung into existence. The New York Normal Musical Institute is the first musical establishment in the world having for its specific object the education of teachers. All foreign conservatories are designed mainly, if not entirely, for artists and composers. They do not *teach the Art of Teaching* and prepare persons specifically for this occupation. About fifty intelligent and somewhat experienced pupils of both sexes have already presented themselves. The locality is the large and beautiful Hall occupied by Mr. Dodworth in the building next Grace Church. The sessions commenced last Monday, and are to continue for three months, from 9 until 1, A. M. Mr. Lowell Mason (just returned from Europe) lectures from 9 until 10 on the Art of Teaching — R. Storrs Willis (Tuesdays and Thursdays) from 10 until 11, on Harmony and Composition—Mr. Geo. F. Root from 11 until 12 on the culture of the voice, and Mr. W. B. Bradbury from 12 until 1 on Part-Singing. Besides these gentlemen, other teachers are engaged for such private pupils as wish instruction on particular instruments: Mr. Zundel for the organ; Mr. Dodworth for band instruments and Mr. Howe for the melodeon and piano. The success of the enterprise is already beyond question: the number of pupils at this first course is greater than there was any reason to expect, and others have already reported themselves as coming.

Important.

Subscribers who change their residences during the present "moving season," will much oblige us by sending their new addresses to the office of *The Musical World & Times*, at their earliest convenience.

Weekly Report of Music.

—New York.—

"Father" Heinrich's Valedictory Concert a Metropolitan Hall, on Thursday evening, April 21st, called out some fifteen hundred to two thousand persons, most of whom were probably subscribers. The veteran master's worthy effort to produce some of his best orchestral works in a style commensurate with the wants of the age, should have been more cordially responded to. A band of seventy musicians, the best the city affords, and conducted by Mr. Heinrich himself, undertook the difficult task of giving his music a fair interpretation, after meagre and unsatisfactory rehearsals. The two compositions which we most desired to hear, "National Memories," and "The Tower of Babel," were both entirely omitted, and the three that were played gave evidence of great haste in the getting up. The orchestra were too closely tied to reading their parts to admit of freedom in giving proper expression to their performances. We should except Mr. C. Hasse, however. His solos on the Cornetto in the first piece (Festive Overture,) evinced vigor and precision united to a noble sentiment and sustained, manly self-possession. Mr. Hasse is an artist of the first water, and is becoming a decided favorite with the public. Mr. Vanderweyde's opening movement on the Phys-Harmonica was in excellent keeping with the design of the composer, and immediately produced that quiet in the audience so necessary to a nice appreciation of the repose of a primeval forest. This Festive Overture, "The Wildwood Troubadour," answers the end contemplated by its author. Without any of the sombre harmonies or sudden transitions, which are peculiar to the Beethoven and Von Weber school, it gives to the impartial, unprejudiced listener a faithful picture of the forest home of the self-reliant Western man, by means of simple harmonies united to melodies highly florid. New and fantastic passages of imitation are distributed among the different instruments of the orchestra in a style entirely the composer's own. The harmony reminds one of Mozart and Haydn; but the orchestral treatment is to the last degree original. We believe this remark will apply with more or less truth to all the instrumental works of Mr. Heinrich which we have seen or heard.

Mrs. C. E. L. Brinckerhoff sang a German song in place of "One gentle heart," by W. V. Wallace, thereby rendering an equivocal compliment to that composer and gentleman as well as to the audience. Miss Brainard sang the "Three Ages of Love," by E. J. Loder, in a distinct and pleasing manner. Madame Stephani did not appear—cause unexplained. Miss Dingley has a powerful voice not yet under control, which was plain from her faulty intonation in singing "The Captive Greek Girl," by Hobbs. This dashing, spirited, whilom favorite piece of Miss Northall's, is irregularly constructed and needs much art in the rendering to give it tolerable consistency and proportion. The Messrs. Schneider played a duet called "Impromptu Champêtre' on the piano, in a way that puzzles all attempt at recollection or explanation.

Mr. Heinrich's second piece was "The New England Feast of Shells," which closed the first part of the programme. It is a "Divertimento Pastorale Oceanico" in three movements: I.

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"The home adieus of the nymphs and swains departing to the maritime festival," *Andante*. II. "The fanciful curvetings of the mermaids in the ocean surf," *Andantino*. III. "The romantic 'love feast,' resulting in the destruction of the 'bivalves' at the sacrifice of shells, *sulgate*, 'Clam Bake,'" *Finale Brilliante*. It is graceful and pleasing throughout, though a greater variety of keys and more changes in harmony would, to one mind, have made it more marked in character.

Part II of the programme opened with another pastorale (orchestral) instead of the British Symphony, "National Memories," conducted by Mr. Eisfeld, who was received with applause. This, like the "Feast of Shells," abounds in fanciful curvetings of melody founded on very simple harmonic changes.

Madame Otto, fresh as at sixteen, next appeared and sang the recitative and air in the grand scena from Der Freyschutz effectively, brilliantly. The applause was genuine and an *encore* was demanded,—but the lateness of the hour and the difficulty of the music forbade.—Madame O retired amid friendly, even enthusiastic demonstrations of pleasure.

The quintette "Adieu," from the oratorio of the "Pilgrim Fathers," sung by Miss Brainard, Miss Brown, and Messrs Nash, Conkey and Smith, closed the evening's entertainment. Mr. Heinrich apologised for the non-performance of his symphony, "The Tower of Babel," after which the audience quickly dispersed.

P. S. We forgot to mention the first appearance at this concert of a talented little pianist, Master Perabean, only seven years of age, who played a duet with Mr. Vanderweyde in a very clever way, considering his years. The tableau presented by the "Father" (over seventy,) and the youthful musician (seven,) was not the least of the interesting scenes on the occasion. A lovely little girl, not more than five years of age, also stepped on the stage and made a handsome present to the venerable master. We trust he will realize something peculiarly handsome for the vexatious labor involved in this effort.

The Opera.—We have only room for a word about the Opera this week. The combined troupe have had overflowing houses with *Lucrezia Borgia*, which has never been given in this country with half so extraordinary vocal resources, and with such overpowering effect. Fancy Alboni, Rose De Vries, Salvi, Bensventano, Rosi, and San Giovanni *leading off* a chorus!—the volume of tone is prodigious. *La Gazza Ladra* was to take the the place of *Lucrezia* on Wednesday evening, when we went to press.

The Philharmonic.—We regret exceedingly that an accident, which we could not foresee, prevented our attendance upon the last performance of this society. Our notices heretofore have been so full and impartial, that we will thank our subscribers to consider the same thing as done for the present concert.

The young gentleman who won't dance till after supper deserves to have none.

The hand that makes a pie is a continual feast to the husband that marries it.

Between life and death there is frequently but the thickness of a shot.

Dreams are the novels we read when we're fast asleep.

Portfolio of a Musical Bachelor:

BY RICHARD STORRS WILLIS.

FRAGMENT VI.

A BRIEF EPISODE WITH A HORSE.

I HAD jumped upon his back to try him once or twice around the court-yard where he was standing:—locate court-yard, horse and myself, if you please, in Germany, where all three were to be found at the moment of this history. Near the house, in a corner of the open area, was a square sand-pit, some five or six feet deep: the four sides of the pit were bricked, one side being carried up and forming the side of a house, and another carried up, also, and forming part of a garden wall; so that the pit was accessible only on two points. Just as I seized the reins the high-spirited animal began to dance and step backward. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, both of his hind legs sank under me, and I turned a complete somerset into the pit, pulling the horse over backward, directly on top of me!—We fitted into the place as though it had been dug as a grave for both of us! I lay with my head jammed down into a corner, sustaining the whole weight of the horse—which was tremendous! I must confess never to have had, before, an idea of the weight of a horse—he seemed more like a *house* than a horse!—My legs were bent painfully under him; both my arms were pinioned down, and I was only able to turn my head slightly upward. Directly in a range with my head, and within three inches of it, I saw the two hind hoofs of the horse—not the most pleasing objects of contemplation: I knew, the moment they began to play, either in his terror, or in his efforts to rise, the soil they must necessarily act and *paw* upon would be—my head. The creature pressed crushingly on me!—the blood was forced up into my head, my ears were singing, and I was half blinded. Trembling in every limb, he lay upon me without attempting to rise, evidently thoroughly frightened at the sudden turn matters had taken.

Meantime, the Germans from the house and from the street began to collect, and directly there was a great outcry. Germans are of no assistance in an emergency like this: a cool-headed Yankee is worth any number of them. Their sympathies are too strong for *action*. The intense exclamations of horror and pity that I overheard, did me no good; nor their well-meant suggestions—such as were offered. One man proposed to kill the horse:—if a single blow did not kill him, I knew he would kill me. Another wanted to pull him out by the legs—a huge, mastodon of a creature!—it almost makes me laugh now when I think of it. The fact is, however, my sympathetic friends were hard put to it: there being only two sides of approach to me, and the upper part of me—my head and shoulders—being nearly concealed and out of reach. The only person who seemed to have a self-possessed idea was a French Bacon living in the house, who, hastening to the scene, knelt promptly down toward the horse, and putting his knee on his head, grasped him by the nostrils, thus preventing his rising.

I was getting confused. The death of a *Mazeppa*—it struck me—was likely to be mine. The incidents of a past life began to rush through my mind, with a dread simultaneousness, like the *single* effect of a picture, rather than separate and consecutive events—(a not unusual mental action, when the soul is drawn suddenly to the confines of another world.) I was fast losing my consciousness and everything was growing dark around me, when a drowning-man's last thought struck me—could I but only force my knee down into the loose soil upon which I was lying, and turn my leg in such a way as to make the muscle available, I might raise the horse slightly, and than, possibly, twist from under him. I made the effort and—succeeded: with one hard struggle I forced myself between his front and hind legs, and suddenly gained my feet. But the high-spirited animal no sooner felt that I was from under him, than, shaking off my friend from his head, he began to kick furiously. Being jammed up against the wall, he soon brought me down again. Hereupon, a pitched battle ensued, between the horse and myself: he trying to rise and I endeavoring to do the same. It proved the hardest fight, certainly, I ever had with any antagonist—let alone a horse! Being just between his legs, I escaped the majority of his most impressive "digs," the wall receiving them: but *barely* escaped: thrice his hoof grazed my head; once whipping the skin from my forehead, once from my cheek, and once from my chin. And once—only—he hit me fairly, just in the pit of the stomach:—*that* blow told! Everything seemed to gush up into my throat:—but I soon recovered again.

It is a curious fact, that an animal will sooner wearied, and has feebler powers of endurance, than a human being. It is well known, that a man can walk or *travel*, a greater distance, without respite, than a horse. And so in the case of the quadruped with which I had suddenly come upon such intimate terms. He seemed to propose a short truce to hostilities and was quiet for a moment. Quickly availing myself of this, I leaped to my feet and, with one bound on him and over him, (some one at the same moment grasping me by the collar)—I had cleared the horse, and my horrible grave.

Covered with blood and mud and completely in tatters I stood in the midst of the crowd, feeling quite as well, albeit, at the moment, as any of them. But a physician approaching we went into the house together, and gaining a sofa, my internal economy was hunted-up and investigated, with a truly German fidelity. "Sound, but bruised," being the verdict, I was, much against my inclinations, sent to bed, bled and subjected to other *et ceteras*, more agreeable in the allusion than the experience particularly the racking pains that came on before that day's sundown. A remark that my worthy physician solemnly made on leaving, often occurs to me: particularly as it was so unexpected in a sternly scientific man, like himself—"*Young man, thank your God this night, for a perfect miracle of an escape!*"

I did not leave my bed for a month, which was not the case with my bosom-friend and late intimate—the horse. He emerged from the disgrace of the sand-pit, shortly after I had ingloriously given him the slip, without serious damage. His claret, like mine, had flowed a little, which I—perhaps with some degree of individual partiality—ascribed to sundry scientific kicks on my part. Be that as it may, the horse was safe, and—*I hadn't to pay for him:* which, super-

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added to my own doctor's bill and personal grievances, would certainly have been an aggravation.

Things sometimes get in the *way* of happening — you know — and so, only a few months afterward, on my way home, when passing through Belgium I had occasion to get my passport visé in Brussels: I had just left the house of the American *Chargé*, when the shortest cut across the street led me and my *commissaire* (whom I had taken with me to show me the way) in close proximity to the nose of a four-footed beast, harnessed into a *fiacre*—or kind of cab. The animal had no external indication of being vicious, or otherwise possessed of an evil spirit: I thought he was asleep. But just as I was crossing his line of vision, the unconscionable brute made a sudden spring at me, and catching me in the small of the back with his jaw, closed up, and almost lifted me off my feet. As a goodly expanse of skin underneath was included in the grip with my coat, I had a realizing sense that he had hold of me. Shaking myself loose, and furious with pain, I made, forthwith, very practical remonstrance against this bit of ruffianism. But the only satisfaction I got out of the driver of the team, as he climbed his dickey, was his closing remark, that—"It was a *way* that devil had with him." But I only wondered, why, by some fatality, the wretch should have seized *me*, and given me a grip that I afterward felt halfway across the Atlantic, rather than my *commissaire* close by, to whom all perils and pains of the way naturally and professionally appertained, and who had, furthermore, the same national, Belgic blood in his veins. But reflecting just then on that wretched college joke, that the animal doubtless thought "all flesh was grass"—I jogged on. But altogether, it did, and does still, really seem to me, that for some predestinate reason, I am yet doomed some day—to die of a horse.

Fanny Fern's Department.

Written for *The Musical World & Times.*

A Paris Letter says:—Lady Montijo has left Paris for Spain. She was extremely desirous of remaining and living in the reflection of her daughter's grandeur, but Louis Napoleon, who shares in the general prejudice against stepmothers, gave her plainly to understand, that because he had married Eugenie, she must not suppose he had married her whole family. She was allowed to linger six weeks, to have the *entrée* of the Tuilleries, and to see her movements chronicled in the *Pays*. She has at last left us, and the telegraph mentions her arrival at Orleans, on her way to the Peninsula.

There Teba! did not I say you would need all those two-thousand-franc pocket-handkerchiefs before your orange wreath had began to give signs of wilting? Why did you let your mamma go, you little simpleton? Before Nappy secured your neck in the matrimonial noose, you should have had it put down, in black and white, that Madame Montijo was to live with you till — the next revolution, if you chose to have her. Now you have struck your colors, of course everything will "go by the board." I tell you Teba, that a fool is the most unmanageable of all beings. He is as dogged and perverse as a broken-down donkey. You can neither goad nor coax him into doing anything he should do, or prevent his doing what he should not do. You will have to leave Nappy and come over here;—and then everybody will nudge somebody's elbow and say, "That is Mrs. Teba Napoleon, who does not live with her husband." And some will say it is your fault; and others will say 'tis his; and all will tell you a world more about it, than *you* can tell *them*.

Then, Mrs. Samuel Snip (who has the next room to yours, who dresses "within an inch of her life," murders the King's English most ruthlessly, and is not quite certain whether Barnum or Christopher Columbus discovered America,) will have her Paul Pry ear to the keyhole of your door about every other minute, (except when her husband is on duty,) to find out if you are properly employed;—and no matter what Mrs Snip learns, or even if she does not learn anything, she will be pretty certain to report, that, in her opinion, you are "no better than you should be." If you dress well (with your splendid form and carriage you could not but seem well-dressed) she will "wonder how you got the means to do it"; prefacing her remark with the self-evident truth that "to be sure, it is none of her business."

If you let your little Napoleon get out of your sight a minute, somebody will have him by the pinafore and put him through a catechism about his mamma's mode of living and how she spends her time. If you go to church, it will be "to show yourself"; if you stay at home, "you are a publican and a sinner." Do what you will, it will all be wrong: if you do nothing, it will be still worse. Our gentlemen (so called) knowing that you are defenceless and taking it for granted that your name is "Barkis," will all stare at you; and the women will dislike and abuse you just in proportion as the opposite sex admire you. Of course you will sweep past them all, with that magnificent figure of yours, your regal chin up in the air, quietly attending to your own business and entirely unconscious of their piggy existence.

— Teba, what do you suppose Nappy will do next? It must be intensely refreshing not to know! What has become of that English lover of yours, who bet so heavily that he could win your hand, spite of Napoleon? It would not be amiss quietly to allude to him, now and then, when your husband gets on his stilts. You ought to have me for your prime minister. I am inclined to the opinion that the firm of "Montijo & Fern" would take the nonsense out of that man.—Write soon. Yours truly,

Fanny Fern.

Fanny Fern on Thackeray.

Written for *The Musical World & Times.*

"A husband may kill a wife gradually, and be no more questioned than the grand seignor who drowns a slave at midnight." — *Thackeray—on Household Tyrants.*

Oh! Mr. Thackeray! I ought to have known from experience, that beauty and brains never travel in company—but I *was* disenchanted when I first saw your nose, and I *did* say that you were too stout to look intellectual. But I forgive you in consideration of the above paragraph which, for truth and candor, ought to be appended to the four Gospels.

I'm on the marrow bones of my soul to you, Mr. Thackeray—I honor you for "turning State's evidence" against your own culprit-sex. If there's any little favor I can do for you, such as getting you naturalized, (for you are a sight too cute and clever for an Englishman,) I'll fly round and get the documents made out for you to-morrow.

I tell you, Mr. Thackeray, the laws over here allow husbands to break their wives' *hearts* as much as they like, so long as they don't break their *heads*. So the only way we can get along is to stir them up till they scratch our faces, and then run to the Police Court, and show "His Honor" that Mr. Caudle can "*make his mark*."

Why—if we were not *cunning*, we should get circumvented all the time by these domestic Napoleons. Yes, indeed; we sleep with one eye open, and "get up early in the morning," and keep our arms a-kimbo.

—By-the-way, Mr. Thackeray, what do you think of us, *as a people?*—taking us "by and large," as our honest farmers say. P-r-e-t-t-y tall nation for a *growing* one; don't you think so? Smart men—smarter women—good broad streets here in Boston, (?) no smoking or spitting allowed in 'em—houses all built with an eye to architectural beauty—newspapers don't tell how many buttons you wear on your waistcoat—Jonathan never stares at you, as if you were an imported hyena, or stirs you up with the long pole of criticism, to see your size and hear your roar. Our politicians never whip each other on the floor of Congress, or grow black in the face because their *choler* chokes them! No mushroom aristocracy over here—no "coats of arms" or liveried servants: nothing of that sham sort, in our "great and glorious country," as you have probably noticed. If you are "round takin' notes," I'll jog your English elbow, now and then. It takes *me* to see things. Some have eyes—and they are not green, either.

Fanny Fern.

Remarks on Art.—The Drama.

BY GEORGE HENRY CURTIS.

HANDEL'S "ACIS AND GALATEA."

Now-a-days, much is said and written about Art, and its tendency to elevate and refine.—Doubtless, the term is used to denote the singularly direct and honest art of sawing wood, as well as the more complicated art of making steam engines. To give the masses a clearer idea of the word, some theorists render it—Labor. In the style of Longfellow's Blacksmith, later writers mould out of their intellectual forges the "burning thought" that "Labor is Prayer." Very soon the proposition is presented in more ornate terms: "Art is Religion." Now, Workers arouse! for your redemption is nearer than you dreamed.

On the other hand, some descendant of a Godly Puritan may reasonably ask if this convenient plan for Laborers and Artists to obtain Salvation without "fear and trembling," has more of God than of Satan "working" in it, since it does not appear to proceed by "the Way, the Truth and the Life." Isolate Puritan!—"Art is Religion!" Victim of tradition and fossil fanaticism!—"Art is Religion." To your sober appreciation, it is a gross abuse of words and contains the germ of strong delusions, whether Art be used to denote the Useful or the Fine. For you do but consider how, in the poetry of motion, the "model artists," by this doctrine, may suddenly become a new creature—regenerate. Also, you take notice that, by the same

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plan, the heroic tenor of twenty modern operas, rich in his vivid memory of brilliant *liasons* as well as brilliant cadenzas, shall straightway vocalize himself into a very respectable saint. Authors of demoralizing librettos, painters and sculptors of nude forms, lazy and sensual poets, writers of fictitious abominations of many kinds, and all other subtle corruptors of the young, shall, by reason of being artists, be also religious. Heaven is a great novelty; yes, a very artistic millenium is approaching. New names, are given whereby men may be saved. Rather, why wonder, Puritan, that in viewing such perversion of words and things, the bold reformer, snatching the "truth as it is in Jesus," and fleeing to the mountains, should cry out with Padre Guvazzi, "THE ARTS ARE BUT PAGAN!"

Some modern man-savers are equally hopeful of the Drama as an instrument of good. Doubtless, this term signifies not only those boards where first some youthful Roscius, with arm at angle of ninety degrees, screams out

"My name is Norval,"

but according to its chief priest, it embraces this entire mundane sphere.

"All the world's a stage,"

says the melancholy Jacques, and by a natural, inevitable consequence, all the men and women must be "merely players." Measured by such specimens of the sock and buskin as now-a-days greet the eye, the Prophets and Apostles will perhaps loose by the figure. But change the scene; take a new stand-point, high and

"Silent upon a peak in Darien;"

assume a seraphic attitude, and of course you behold, after the manner of prophets and apostles, but one vast theater of principals and supernumeraries, free and bond, tyrants and serfs, rich and poor. True, the "situations" are not all equally picturesque; the "costume" is in most cases but very tattere; the "properties" being in the hands of a precious few of managers. Yet, to the intensely dramatic eye, all is magnificent and hopeful in the light of To-Day. Herein is fresher novelty. Progress is the word, and we hear the Greeks immeasurably.—Euripides is swallowed up in Shakspeare, and Aristophanes cannot hold a candle to Sheridan.

—"Without Christ and his resurrection, I behold but the great shapes of Sin and Death, and the great grave-yard of humanity, where I shall sleep the temporary sleep of oblivion, only to be consigned to outer darkness at the Last Judgment," says the line Puritan. Therefore, turns he to wells of living water, tasting which, he believes he will live forever happy.

But great and good men, in every christian age, have sought to wed Art to high religious truth, and even that gorgeous but corrupt form of Art, the Drama, has often been obliged to lend its power to their demands. Chief among great and good musicians, sits Handel. How thoroughly he rescued his Art from the worse than Pagan degradation of Charles the Second's reign, and the corruptions of the Italian Opera in the early part of the eighteenth century, is well known. It is wise, therefore to love the memory of him whom Haydn called "the musical father of us all;" whom Mozart so beautifully and characteristically honored by writing new accompaniments to the Oratorio of the *Messiah;* whom Beethoven thought "the greatest of musicians;" and whom Mendelssohn, amongst modern musicians, has most profoundly and reverently studied. It is urged by critics of the Hector Berlioz school, that the cause of Handel's success in England was more due to the fact of his associating his music with biblical history, than it was to the strength of his own genius. While we cannot fail to recognize that, at the bottom of this charge lie the destructive Rationalism and Infidelity of modern France, yet, glancing closely at historic truth, it is found that, setting aside all suspicion on the score of rationalism and infidelity, the charge is without foundation. Beyond question, the selection of scriptural subjects argued the possession on the part of Handel of something higher and better than simply strength of genius. It showed the strength of his faith in the great truths of Christianity. His religious faith and his great genius were united in glorious harmony, and both were strengthened by exercise in this new field of God-like labor.—But let us look at him at an earlier point in his life. Take that unique and beautiful work, *Acis and Galatea*. Surely this has not lived for more than a century by virtue of any association with biblical history. Its plot is founded on a Pagan fable; but it is one of those fables that do not wound the sensitive, religious heart. It is simply the love of a sea-nymph for a gentle shepherd, immortalized by musical treatment, chaste, consistent and truthful, throughout the entire work. Occupying, as it does, a midway position between Handel's earlier and later works, the libretto and a word or two of comment on the music may be interesting to musical students.

After an overture of unusually frisky and joyous effects, which Mendelssohn had no doubt carefully studied before he wrote his *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the poet begins the pastoral as related by classic writers, with a chorus:

"O, the pleasures of the plains!
Happy nymphs and happy swains!
Harmless, merry, free and gay;
Dance and sport the hours away."

"For us the zephyr blows,
For us distils the dew;
For us unfolds the rose,
And flowers display their hue."

"For us the winter's rain,
For us the summer's shine;
Spring swells for us the grain,
And Autumn bleeds the vine."

The musical treatment of this first chorus is in Handel's happiest style. Though the subject be gay, and the music admirably adapted to it, yet those who are familiar with the choruses from the *Messiah* and *Sampson* do not fail to recognize the same great master's hand. On the words, "happy, harmless, merry, dance and sport," occur passages of close imitation which, with various other harmonic devices, give to the whole chorus a sparkling character.

According to the myth, Galatea, a sea-nymph of divine origin, loves a simple shepherd of Sicily, by the name of Acis. Hardly charmed by the pastoral scene, she exclaims:

Recit.—"Ye verdant plains and woody mountains,
Purling streams and bubbling fountains.
Ye painted glories of the field,
Vain are the pleasures which ye yield.
Too thin the shadow of the grove,
Too faint the gales to cool my love."

This recitative is followed by an air accompanied by all the songsters of the grove—that is, so far as the "pretty warblers can be imitated by art of man,—wherein Galatea, in the strength her divine passion, continues:

Air.— "Hush ye pretty warbling choir,
Your thrilling strains
Awake my pains,
And kindle fierce desire.
Cease your song and take your flight,
Bring back my Acis to my sight."

A new scene reveals Acis. In a minor air of tenderest character, he sighs, with a heart full of "sweet pain:"

Air.—"Where shall I seek the charming fair,
Direct the way, kind genius of the mountain;
O tell me if you saw my dear,
Seeks she the groves, or bathes in crystal fountain."

Damon, a second shepherd, is introduced, who calls upon Acis to desist:

Recit.—"Stay, shepherd, stay,
See how thy flocks in yonder valley stray;
What means this melancholy air?
No more thy tuneful pipe we hear."

The air that succeeds is one of those earnest movements peculiar to this composer. Its strongly marked accents remind one of his sacred songs. Damon continues his friendly warnings:

Air.—"Shepherd! what art thou pursuing?
Headlong running to thy ruin.
Share our joy, our pleasure share.
Leave thy passion till to-morrow,
Let the day be free from sorrow,
Free from love and free from care."

But Acis does not heed the warning; why should he? It was advice rather gratuitously given, and the lover, more than ever convinced of the truth of Galatea's passion, and with the usual obstinacy of lovers, pursues the object of his adoration:

Recit.— "Lo! here my love!
Turn, Galatea, hither turn thine eyes,
See, at thy feet,
Thy longing Acis lies."

This recitative is followed by an air from Acis, as remarkable for its flowing, delicate movement in 12-8 time, as for its appropriate adaptation to the words:

Air.— "Love in her eyes is playing,
And sheds delicious death;
Love on her lips is straying,
And warbling in her breath.
Love on her breast sits panting,
And swells with soft desire;
No grace, no charm is wanting,
To set the heart on fire."

Galatea, with becoming simplicity, ventures a gentle reproach:

Recit.—"O, did'st thou know the pains of absent love,
Acis would ne'er from Galatea rove."

The succeeding air, by the same voice, is in strict keeping with this recitative, and is a model of chaste, unadorned melody:

Air.— "As when the dove,
Laments her love,
All on the naked spray;
When he returns,
No more she mourns,
But loves the live-long day.
Billing, cooing,
Panting, wooing,
Melting murmurs fill the grove;
Melting murmurs, lasting love."

In the joy of their hearts, the lovers here break out in a duet:

Duet.—"Happy, happy, happy we,
What joys I feel! What charms I see!
Of all the youth thou dearest boy!
Of all the nymphs thou brightest fair!
Thou all my bliss, thou all my joy."

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The chorus of shepherds, unable to resist, join in the same movement, and concludes the first part:

Chorus.—"Happy, happy, happy we,
What joys I feel! What charms I see!"

PART II. opens with a chorus, the first movement of which, in moderate time, is in the style of the strictest church composers; a complete proof that Handel had been a close student of the earlier ecclesiastical modes, and the madrigals of the century preceding him. This movement in strict harmony occurs on the first three lines of the following verse:

Chorus.—"Wretched lovers! fate has passed
This sad decree, No joy shall last.
Wretched lovers, quit your dream,
Behold the monster Polyphemo!
See what ample strides he takes,
The mountain nods, the forest shakes;
The waves run frightened to the shores,
Hark! hear the thund'ring giant roars."

At the line "Behold the monster," &c., a new musical phrase, depicting the fears of the shepherds on beholding Polyphemo, is introduced in a manner which no composer, previous or subsequent to Handel, has ever excelled. The sustained theme of the commencement of the chorus, on the words "Wretched lovers," is kept up in strict harmony, while the new subject, progressing rapidly, is distributed to the various voices, soprano, alto, tenor and base, with unparalleled ingenuity. More massive harmonies may doubtless be found in some of the choruses of his Oratorios; but a more judicious selection of principal subjects, with a consequent exactness of detail and careful elaboration, has never been achieved by man. Let the chorus be taken as special evidence of the strength of Handel's genius, before that genius was wedded to the truth that crowned his later efforts.

At the words "See what ample strides he takes," the composer literally places the giant before us, taking steps considerably longer than those of Gulliver, since Polyphemus was big enough to make use of a pine tree for a cane.—This Polyphemus was king of a race of giants, called the Cyclops. He becomes enamored of Galatea, and thus exclaims:

Recit.—"I rage, I melt, I burn. The feeble God
Has stabbed me to the heart. Thou trusty pine!
Prop of my god-like steps! I lay thee by.
Bring me a hundred reeds, of decent growth,
To make a pipe for my capacious mouth.
In soft, enchanting accents let me breathe
Sweet Galatea's beauty, and my love."

Hear the love-stricken and confident giant as he addresses Galatea, in an air which is recommended to base voices as an entertaining and useful practice:

Air.—"O ruddier than the cherry!
O sweeter than the berry!
O nymph more bright
Than moonshine night,
Like kidlings blithe and merry.
Ripe as the melting cluster!
No lily has such lustre,
Yet hard to tame,
As raging flame,
And fierce as storms that bluster."

A characteristic duet ensues:

Pol.—"Whither, fairest, art thou running,
Still my warm embraces shunning?"
Gal.—"The lion calls not to his prey,
Nor bids the wolf the lambkin stay."
Pol.—"Thee, Polyphemus, great as Jove,
Calls to empire and to love;
To his palace in the rock,
To his dairy, to his flock;
To the grape of purple hue,
To the plum of glossy blue,
Wildings which expecting stand,
Proud to be gathered by thy hand."
Gal.—"Of infant limbs to make my food,
And swallow draughts of human blood,
Go, monster, bid some other guest,
I loathe the host, I loathe the feast."

But Polyphemus considers that "faint heart never won fair lady," and once again essays:

Air.—"Cease to beauty to be coing,
Ever whining, love disdaining;
Let the brave their aims pursuing,
Still be conquering, not complaining."

Damon disinterestedly ventures (in the sweetest air in the entire work,) to give the giant some advice:

Air.—"Would you gain the tender creature?
Softly, gently, kindly treat her;
Suffering is the lover's part.
Beauty, by constraint possessing,
You enjoy but half the blessing:
Lifeless charms, without the heart."

Of course, Acis does not calmly endure the giant's pretensions. Hear him:

Recit.—"His hideous love provokes my rage,
Weak as I am, I must engage,
Inspired by thy victorious charms,
The God of Love will lend his arms."

The air that follows is one of unusual fire.—But Acis must speak for himself:

Air.—"Love sounds the alarm and fear is a flying,
When beauty's the prize, what mortal fears dying?
In defence of my treasure I'd bleed at each vein,
Without her no pleasure, for life is a pain."

Damon still entreats Acis to deliberate:

Air.—"Consider, fond shepherd, how fleeting's the pleasure
That flatters our hope in pursuit of the fair;
The joys that attend it by moments we measure,
But life is too little to measure our care."

To a calm spectator, sensible advice; but Galatea requests him to be quiet:

Air.—"Cease, O cease, thou gentle youth!
Trust my constancy and truth;
Trust my truth and powers above,
The pow'rs propitious still to love."

After this comes a lovely trio, wherein Acis and Galatea sing:

"The flocks shall leave the mountains,
The woods the turtle dove,
The nymphs forsake the fountains,
Ere I forsake my love.
Not showers to larks so pleasing,
Not sunshine to the bee,
Not sleep to toil so easing,
As those dear smiles to me."

During which Polyphemus, stealthily and choking with rage, intrudes:

"Torture! fury! rage! despair
I cannot bear, I cannot bear.
Fly swift, thou mossy river, fly!
Die, presumptuous Acis, die."

Acis, mortally wounded by a rock thrown by the giant, feebly asks aid from Galatea and powers above, and consigns himself to heaven:

Recit.—"Help, Galatea, help, ye parent Gods,
And take me dying to your deep abodes."

And so Acis dies. The chorus follows, in a slow movement, tenderly in keeping:

"Mourn, all ye muses, weep all ye swains,
Tune, tune your reeds to doleful strains,
Groans, cries and howlings fill the neighboring shore,
Ah! ah! the gentle Acis is no more."

Galatea, inconsolable, exclaims:

"Must I my Acis still bemoan,
Inglorious crushed beneath that stone?
Must the lovely, charming youth
Die for his constancy and truth?"

The chorus attempt to comfort her:

"Cease, Galatea, cease to grieve,
Bewail not a hat then can'st relieve;
Call forth thy power, employ thy art,
The goddess soon can heal the smart."
Galat.—"Say, what comfort can you find,
For dark despair o'ershades my mind."
Chorus.—"To kindred gods the youth returned,
Through verdant plains to roll his urn."
Galat.—"'Tis done; thus I exert my power divine,
Be thou immortal, though thou art not mine."

What Galatea does to Acis may be seen in the following lines; the music to which is a complete picture of the scene, so far as tones can color it:

Air, Gal.—"Heart, the seat of soft delight,
Be thou now a fountain bright;
Purple be no more thy blood,
Glide thou like a chrystal flood."

"Rock! thy hollow womb disclose;
The bubbling fountain—lo! it flows.
Through the plains he joys to rove,
Murmuring still his gentle love."
Chorus.—"Galatea, dry thy tears,
Acis, now a god appears;
See how he rears him from his bed,
See the wreath that binds his head.
Hail, thou gentle, murmuring stream,
Shepherd's pleasure, muse's theme.
Through the plain still joy to rove,
Murmuring still thy gentle love.

Miscellaneous Musical News.

—Portsmouth, N. H.—

We have been favored this season with many musical entertainments, among which were some of a high order. The Hutchinsons, who are great favorites here, have given us three concerts within a few months. The music they sing, being mostly very simple, is understood and appreciated by the masses; and the only fault that can be found with them is, that they sing the same old songs that they sung eight or ten years ago.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club, from Boston, accompanied by Mrs. Emma A. Wentworth, (formerly a resident of this city,) gave a concert at the Cameneum a few weeks since. Mrs. Wentworth is a finished singer, and has a clear and sweet but not powerful voice. The house was well filled, and the entertainment gave good satisfaction.

The Peck family gave a concert at the Temple, some time since, to the largest audience of the season. The singing was indifferent, but they played finely. The Jim-crack-corn performances which we have had here, are too numerous to mention; suffice it to say, they were all miserable, and none of them met with good success.

Concerts have also been given by native singers; and I can truly say that some of their concerts were far better than any company from abroad has yet given. Mr. T. P. Moses, organist and teacher of music, gave a number of fine concerts with singers belonging in this city, assisted by Mr. Wheelock and his daughter Julia, of Portland, Me. Miss Wheelock is one of the best singers that ever visited Portsmouth. Her voice is rich and powerful, of great compass, finely cultivated, and perfectly under her control. She has an engagement to sing in New York in a few weeks, and gives a farewell concert in Portland next Saturday.

The Amphions, a troupe under the direction of Mr. Moses, have *died*; two of them having married, (equivalent to a musical death, as they will never again sing in public,) and another having an attack of illness, from which he will probably never recover.

Two different Union Choirs have been recently formed in Portsmouth; one of which met *once* at the Unitarian Church. They sang very well indeed, but will probably never meet again. The other choir, consisting of an orchestra of eight, and twenty-one singers, met at the Hanover street Chapel *once*,

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and they will probably never meet again. I am sorry to say that this is the fate of most clubs and societies formed in Portsmouth, although there a large number of singers and musicians here, in proportion to the population.

However, one club, called the "Philharmonic," survives; it consists of eight members, and with a little practice this club will rival any troupe of the same number that can be got together. They never have given a concert, although urgently solicited to do so by their friends. The names of the members are as follows: Misses Cotton, Plummer, Miller and Jones; and Messrs. Butler, Miller, Head and Barnabee. Of the members individually, it is unnecessary to speak, as they are well and favorably known to the musical public in this section. Most of the members belong to the different choirs in the city, and had sung at several concerts before the club was formed. One of the number is an excellent pianist. With my best wishes for the success of *The Musical World & Times*,

I remain yours, W. M. T.

—Gwenoville, West River.—

The Musical World & Times has opened a new era in my existence, for, although nature has implanted in my composition a great taste for music and gifted me with a good voice, (you must not consider this, egotism), yet, I have failed to cultivate either; but, the old adage consoles me somewhat, "it is never too late to do good;" so, I intend to act upon it, and from this day forward assist Nature as much as possible. I am not skilled in "*musicæ scientia*," yet, I can appreciate sweet sounds when combined harmoniously, and was struck with the sweetness of your "Detroit sweet Polka" of April 24. I will not quote any more Latin, for fear I might be considered *barbarous*, but I must give the translation from Horace, "The Times are changed, and we are changed with them," the truth of which has been practically illustrated in this section of our model Republic: I mean, with regard to the musical department. Some years ago, a stationary music teacher was (now I must say it,) a "rara avis;" at present we have two or three German resident teachers among us, who are getting a goodly number of pupils. Once on a time, it was a rare thing to see a house and piano; now, you with difficulty see a house without one, if there be a young lady in the case: and one instance I cannot forbear noticing; viz., the generosity of a gentleman in my neighborhood, who, although no member in his family can play, purchased a $450 piano, for the accommodation of his visitors. My wife is particularly pleased with *The Musical World & Times*, and with her assistance on the piano, I hope to be able to master, at least all your songs, for, as the Irishman says, (but, by the way, I am a true son of Erin myself,) I have a strong weakness for music, and try to keep up a list of good songs, to which yours will be a contribution. Ours is a beautiful country, famed for its productiveness and pretty girls, and you have no idea how much prettier they look, since the pretty general introduction of music into the social circle;—for, what can be more pleasing, than to see a pretty girl presiding over an instrument and pouring forth her heart in melody, if not à la Jenny Lind, at least à la Nature. We have here that which exists in all old countries, aristocracy, but which comports very badly with republican ideas, in the opinion of your humble servant; who born under an imperial government, has seen the evils of it and who has adopted as his country America, the birth place of Liberty. However, this does not trouble me at all, for I acknowledge not aristocracy but in letters. Having seen in your answers to correspondents your unfailing kindness to your subscribers, I will be much pleased, if you purchase and send to me, "*The new and enlarged edition of Carcassi's method for the Guitar*," *which is advertised in your paper and published by T. S. Berry & Co., New York.* I am taking lessons on Guitar and Carcassi may assist me. Price $2 50. Enclosed, I send you the money and postage. If you think this worth publishing I will be pleased if you do it, and perhaps I will send you some entertaining scraps from time to time. Yours very respectfully,

A. Nezly.

—Newark.—

We have received an anonymous letter from this place in relation to the performance of the *Flower Queen*, by a company of young ladies. We have stated repeatedly that we will not publish anonymous communications. If any friend in Newark will send us an article on the *Flower Queen* and its performance, with the name of the writer, we will gladly publish it.

Royal Thoughts on Music.

Ideas and Reflections on the Properties of Music,

[continued from page 262.]

BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE CROWN PRINCE OF HANOVER.

VOCAL MUSIC.

Vocal Music differs essentially from that of instruments in this respect, that it produces its proper effect only in connexion with words, and thereby acquires an individual and more precise character, since setting aside the superior charm of the human voice, it will address itself most powerfully to those who understand the text to it, and in whose language that text is written. Its character, however, is more universal, because according to the nature and perfection of the composition, it may be intelligible to those who do not understand the text. For when a vocal composition is strictly appropriate to the text—which every composition ought to be, or it is a failure—the tones must express the meaning of the words.

By the combination of these two qualities alone, vocal music attained much more extensive application and higher perfection than instrumental music.

In creating man, the Almighty gave him not only speech but also a distinct organ, the voice, that, by its union with the former, he might be able to express his feelings of every kind. The human voice, therefore, is not an instrument made by men, but an organ bestowed on us immediately by God, and therefore it possesses greater perfection, a greater charm, than any instrument. All the musical instruments successively invented are but faint imitations of this first instrument of God's own creation, and they are considered the more perfect the nearer they approach to human song, and the more like it their tones appear to be.

Owing to the wonderful property of human song, the capability of uttering the synonymous word at the same time with the tone, the song of man is the most inimitable, the grandest expression—an expression which art can never attain—of our feelings, sensations, and ideas, as also the most worthy and best adapted for the praise and adoration of the Supreme Being, to which end more especially this noble gift was no doubt bestowed by God.

The most ancient history, in treating of the earliest ages of mankind to which it extends, has recorded a great number of instances in which the human voice, agreeably to divine decrees, sang lofty hymns, particularly in the person of David, Paul, and others, in glorification of the greatness of God, and in praise and thanksgiving for his blessings.

Seventeen hundred years before Christ, Jacob, the son of Isaac, sang in the spirit of prophecy, the future fortunes of the tribes of Israel. Fifteen hundred years before Christ, Moses and his sister Miriam, the prophetess, sang the praises of the Lord, on account of the fortunate passage through the Red Sea, effected by means of a divine miracle. Deborah, the prophetess, and Barak, the] son of Abinoam, sang twelve hundred years before Christ a noble and sublime song, after the destruction of the army of the Canaanites. One thousand years before Christ, David composed and sang his exquisite Psalms, in which he exhorts in the most forcible and inspired manner to the singing of the glory of God. Thus:

Ps. xxxiii 2.—"Praise the Lord with harp; sing unto him with the psaltery, and an instrument of ten strings." v. 3 "Sing unto him a new song, play skilfully with a loud noise."

Ps lxxxi 2—5.—"Take a psalm, and bring hither the timbrel, the pleasant harp with the psaltery. Blow up the trumpet in the new moon, in the time appointed on our solemn feast-day. For this was a statute for Israel, and a law of the God of Jacob. This he ordained in Joseph for a testimony, when he went out through the land of Egypt, where I heard a language that I understood not."

Ps cxlix 1.—"Praise ye the Lord, sing unto the Lord a new song and his praise in the congregation of saints." v 3 "Let them praise his name in the dance; let them sing praises unto him with the timbrel and harp."

Paul also exhorts to the same effect in

Ephes v 19.—"Speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord."

That nothing is better adapted than singing to praise and to glorify in the worthiest manner our Father in heaven, is clearly intimated in the preceding passages. Nay, we learn from holy writ that the noblest employment of purified beings in a higher state of existence, is to praise and to extol in inspired hymns the omnipotence of the Most High.

Revelation of St. John, v. 8.—"And when he had taken the book, the four beasts, and four-and-twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps, and golden vials full of odors, which are the prayers of saints." v. 9 "And they sung a new song saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof," &c.

Thus also in

Rev xiv 1.—"And I looked, and lo, a Lamb stood on Mount Sion, and with him an hundred forty and four thousand, having his father's name written in their foreheads" v 2 "And I heard a voice from heaven as the voice of many waters and as the voice of a great thunder, and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps" v 3. "And they sung as it were a new song before the throne, and before the four beasts, and the elders, and no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand, which were redeemed from the earth."

And,

Rev. xv. 2.—"And I saw, as it were, a sea of glass mingled with fire; and them that had gotten the victory over the beast, and over his image, and over his mark, and over the number of his name, stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God." v. 3 "And they sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty, just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints."

How sacred then does song appear—what a blessing to man is its possession, as it gives us already here upon earth a foretaste of heaven!

If, by means of this faculty, we are enabled to express our feelings towards the Creator in the noblest and sublimest manner, so also we must be enabled by it to communicate them most completely to our fellow-creatures.

[see page 283.]

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The Lullaby.

AS A GLEE FOR CONTRALTO, TENOR, AND BASS.

Music by STORACE. Harmonised by V. NOVELLO.

CONTRALTO.

1. Peace-ful slumb'ring on the n - ean, Sea- men fear no dan - ger nigh; The winds and waves in gen - tle mo-tion, Soothe them
2. Is the wind tem-pes-tuous blow-ing, Still no dan - ger they des - cry; The guile - less heart its boon be-stow-ing, Soothes them

TENOR.

1. Peace-ful slumb'ring on the n - ean, Sea- men fear no dan - ger nigh; The winds and waves in gen - tle mo-tion, Soothe them
2. Is the wind tem-pes-tuous blow-ing, Still no dan - ger they des - cry; The guile - less heart its boon be-stow-ing, Soothes them

BASE.

1. Peace-ful Slumb'ring on the n - ean, Sea- men fear no dan - ger nigh; The winds and waves in gen - tle mo-tion, Soothe them
2. Is the wind tem-pes-tuous blow-ing, Still no dan - ger they des - cry; The guile - less heart its boon be-stow-ing, Soothes them

ACCOMP. Soft and slow.

* Sung an octave lower.

with their lul-la - by, lullaby, lul-la-by, lul-la-by, lul-la-by, Soothe them with their lul-la- by, lul - la - by.
with its

with their lul-la - by, lul - la-by, lul-la-by, lul-la-by, lul-la-by, Soothe them with their lul-la- by, lul - la - by,
with its

with their lul - la - by, lul - - - - - - - - - - - - Soothe them with their lul - la - by, lul - la - by.
with its

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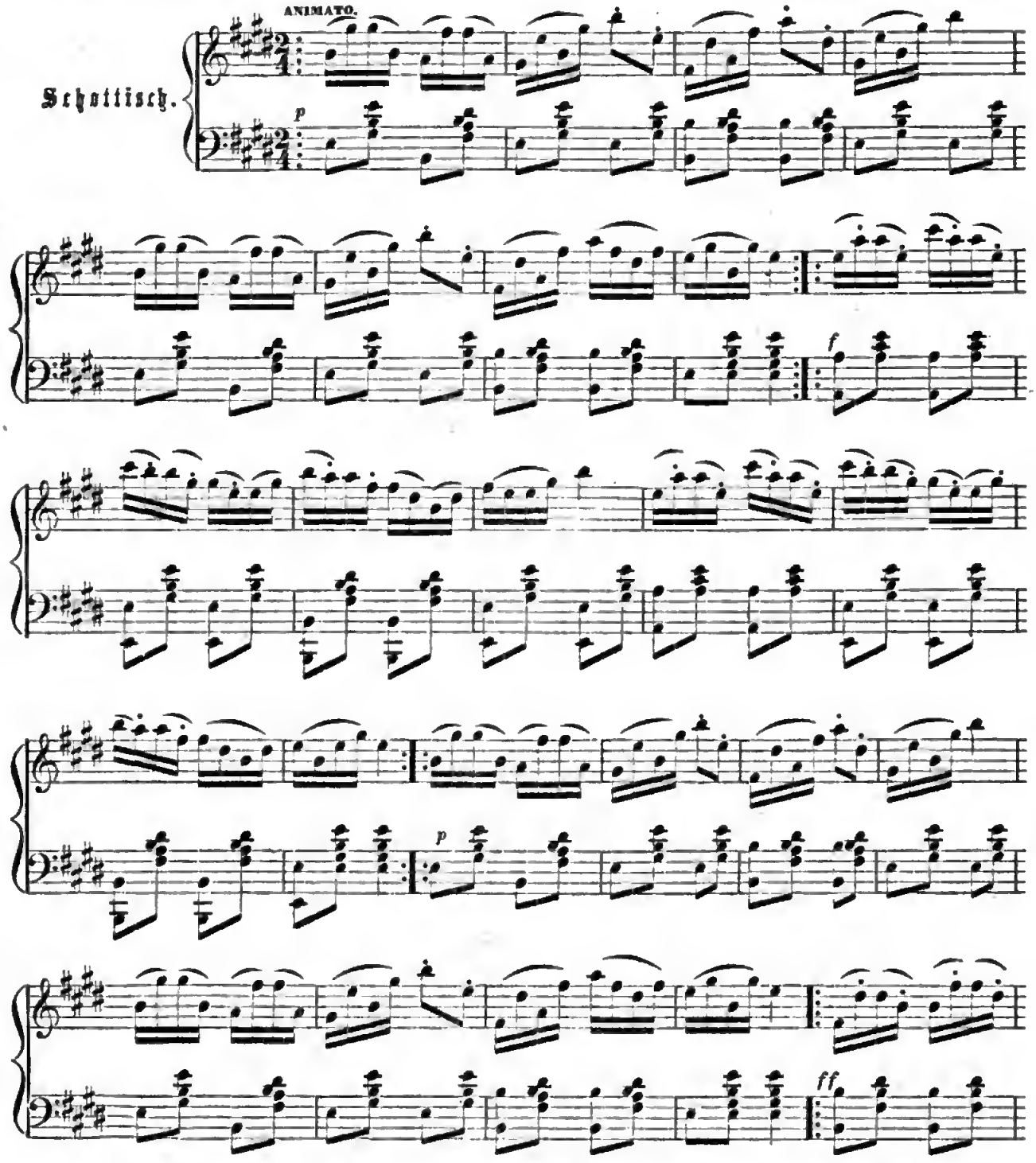
Good Humor Schottisch.

Composed by N. KIEDLE. Dedicated to Mrs. HASLETT.



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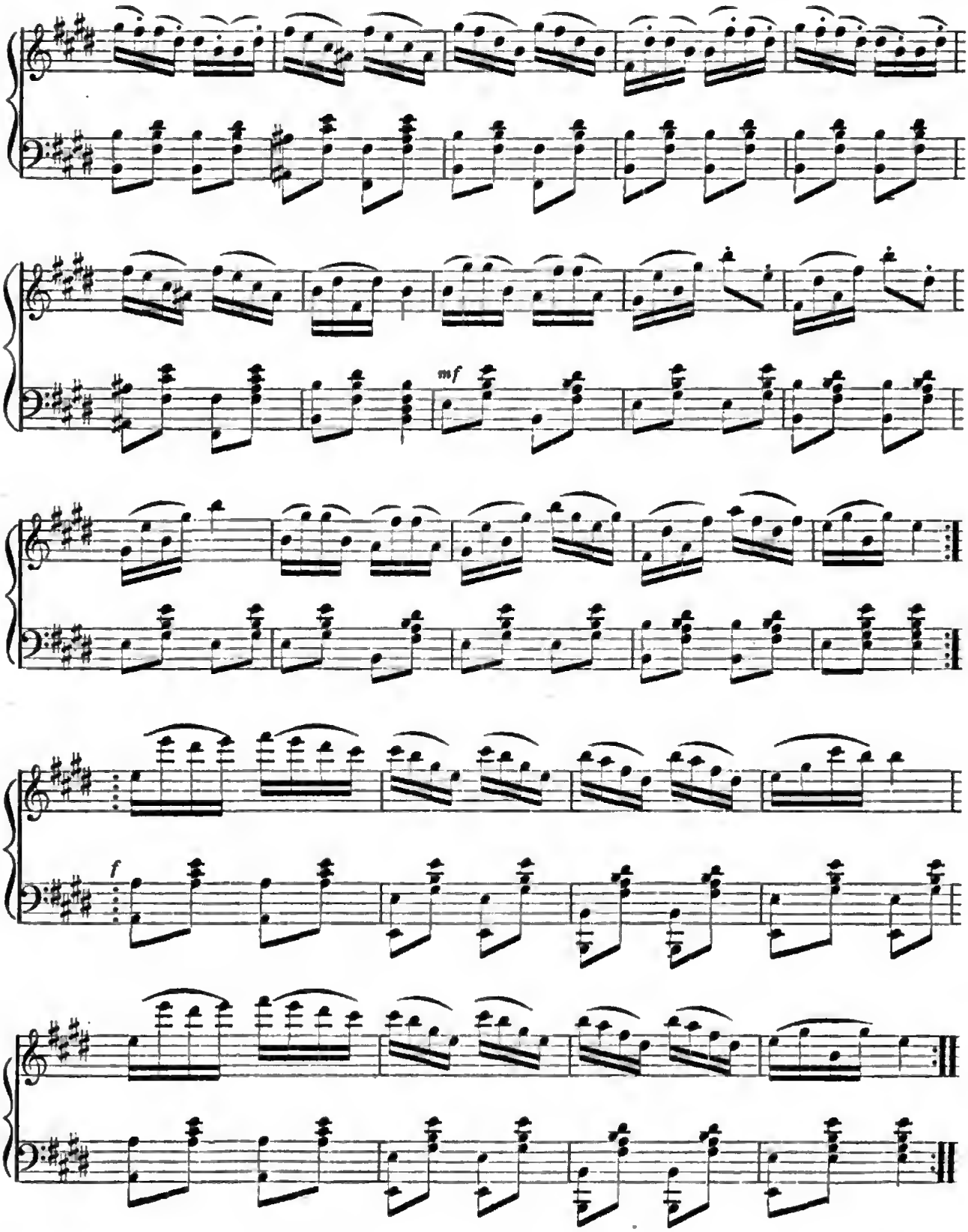

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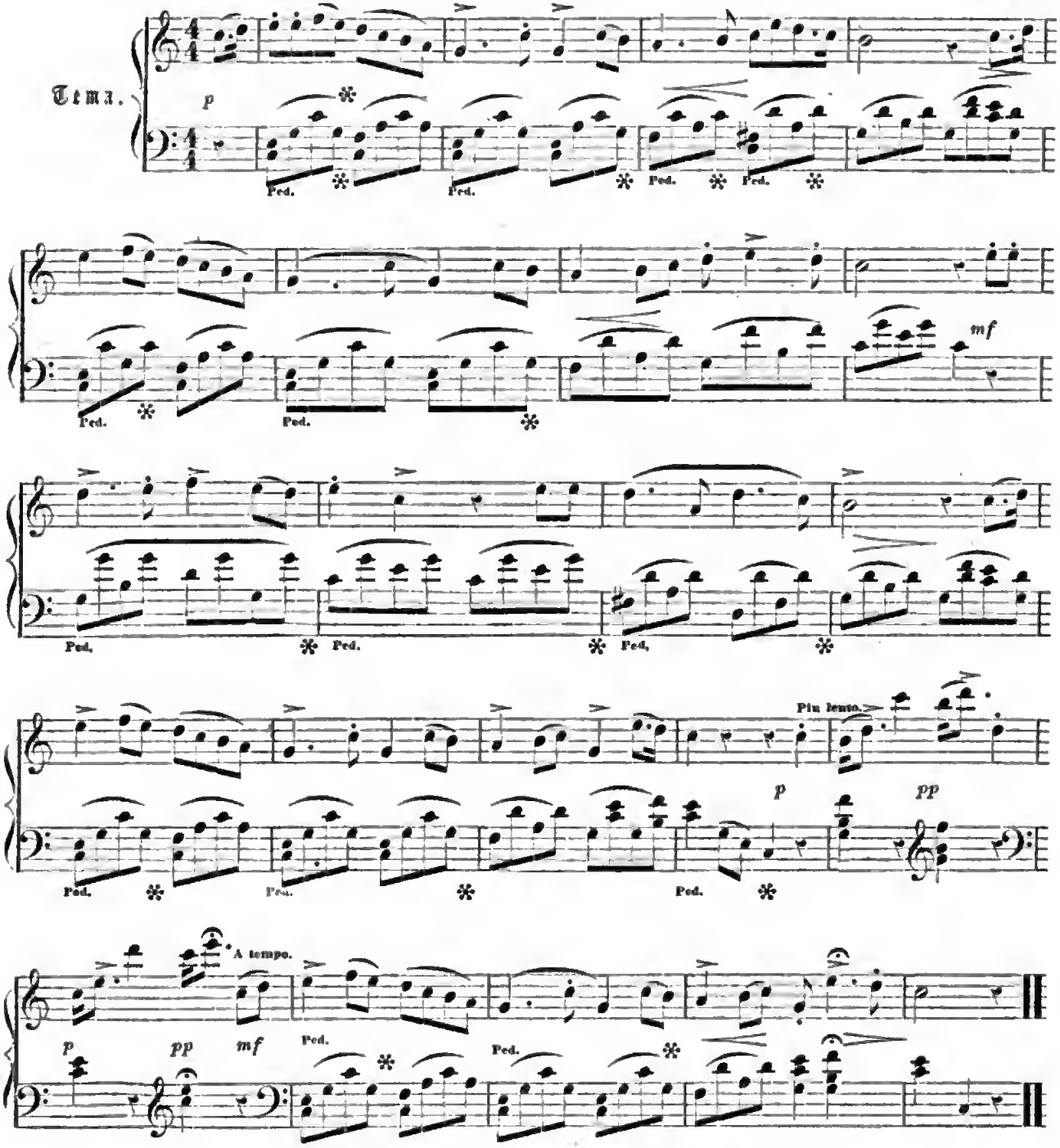
A PAGE FOR LITTLE FINGERS.

Katy---Darling!

Arranged by C. GROBE.



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Musical Studies:

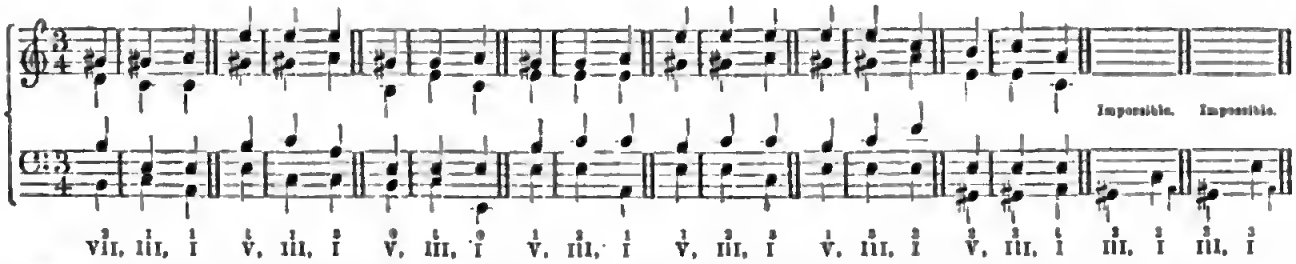
BY RICHARD STORRS WILLIS.

NUMBER XXXII.

USE OF THE SUPERFLUOUS TRIAD.

(*Key to Exercise No.* 14)

III to I.



There is a general rule of discords, (which are thrown in as *spice* to the harmony) that they be rendered still more marked by being thrown upon the *accented* part of the measure. For this reason I have written the above exercise in triple time, giving the preparation upon the unaccented, and the discord upon the accented part of the measure: the double bars serve (like the division of lines in poetry) only to separate the individual groups. This I omitted to mention in giving the exercise; but it is of no material consequence if the student have not observed it, as the discord of the superfluous Triad is not so harsh that it cannot be used on the unaccented divisions of the measure. This is frequently the case. The remaining exercises upon this triad, however, had better be arranged in triple time as above, the discord being accented.

The last two groups are "impossible" because the discord (which in this case is also the leading note) would be obliged to skip,—as seen above. The exercise for next week is the following:—

III to IV.

V, III, IV | V, III, IV | V, III, IV

V, III, IV | V, III, IV | V, III, IV.

V, III, IV | V, III, IV | V, III, IV

Some of these groups will also be found impracticable—I leave it to the student to discover which.

Royal Thoughts on Music.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 278.]

This is proved by the fact that the poets of the ancient classic ages, the heroic, as Homer and others, likewise the pastoral, and those of the middle ages, always recited their compositions in song. And what is poetry? Imaginative conceptions and feelings expressed in metrical form.

Thus the language of feeling in words, was combined by them with that in tones, in order to strengthen it by a more true and profound expression. Now, the metrical form is of itself perfectly musical, in consequence of its affinity with musical rhythm; and this accounts for the endeavor to present to the senses the purport of a poem, and to increase its effect by means of Music.

We have seen in the article on Instrumental Music, that it possesses the power of expressing poems or imaginative conceptions and feelings without the aid of words. If then these can be expressed by instrumental Music alone, as well as by words, how much more perfectly may we not render them by uniting the two, words and Music, in song. Hence the close relationship between poetry and Music is clearly apparent.

How thoroughly the poets of the ancient classic ages were imbued with the idea that it was requisite for their poems to be invariably accompanied with Music and recited in song, will be still more evident to us when we consider that they themselves presented their dramatic compositions to the public in this manner. For in the Greek drama the iambics of conversation were accompanied by a corresponding recitative, and long choruses sung by numerous singers were likewise introduced with their pieces.

Let it not be supposed that I have the remotest idea of asserting that a poem without musical composition is not capable of interesting and exciting the feelings: such an assertion daily experience flatly contradicts. The grand and magnificent poems in our beloved mother-tongue, as well as those of other nations, furnish too strong evidence of the contrary. The poem, moreover, must first have inspired the composer before he can render the feelings expressed in it by words, in all their force and profundity, by corresponding tones.

The most accomplished reader, the most eminent declaimer, is nevertheless not capable, in the recitation of a poetic composition, to take such strong hold of our feelings as it is possible to do with the accompaniment of Music, because Music not only strengthens the images and the action of the poem, but places them more vividly before the hearer, and causes them to operate much more powerfully upon the feelings.

Language is capable only of giving to an object a name which is understood by him who is acquainted with that language, because it is only by means of our organ of hearing, or by the help of our memory, that we have learned to know that such or such a word has the universally accepted signification. But it might just as well have been agreed, that to smile, should signify to weep, and that we should say to wake instead of to sleep, when we would designate the state of slumber. A Frenchmen, and an Englishman, would not find in the word *lächeln* anything *smiling*, unless they understood German; but only in the words *souriant*, or *smiling*, which their languages apply to this expression of feeling. At the oral recitation of a German poem, they would feel nothing whatever. When we read or hear declaimed in a language with which we are acquainted, a piece on love (an instance relative to the expression of love is chosen for this reason, because it is considered the most vehement and powerful of passions,) from the pen of a first-rate poet, the subject of which was deeply felt by the author, nay, which perhaps describes or reveals the feelings of his own heart, and in which he expresses the deepest and tenderest emotions that pervaded his bosom, and thus prompted the words of the poem; we can, indeed, from the meaning of the words, perfectly comprehend *what* he felt, but not *how* he felt it, not the various shades and degrees of his feeling; for the words designate the same thing, but they are not the expression of the feeling itself, they indicate not its depth: tone is the only true embodiment of feeling.

In the "Hymn of St. Cecilia" for instance, the reading or recitation, however impressive, of the words,

"To the boy the graceful Virgin,
Smiling, gave so sweet a kiss"—

would never express so vividly the action described by the poet, as it can be done with the aid of Music. That alone is capable of presenting the tenderness of the scene to the mind, by giving to every word the corresponding sound, the correct intonation.

The composition to "Bertrand's Departure," must fill every heart with emotion, on account of the invincible attachment which bound this man to his former commander; for it is the music that renders the import of the word with greater truth and beauty, than the words by themselves are capable of doing.

In Goethe's poem of "The Erlking," composed by Schubert, the sombre gloom which night throws over the country is represented by music; and the feeling of awe which this nocturnal scene would, in reality, excite in us, is most vividly produced. The anxious entreaties and complaints of the boy, the cheering exhortations of the father, the allurement of the spirit-voice of the Erlking, the accelerated tramp of the horse, the agony of the father on discovering the death of his child—all these various moments nothing but Music could render so faithfully, so impressively, as is the case in this composition. The poem alone could not produce such an effect, though it is by one of the greatest masters of any age or country.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

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The Opinions of Mr. J. M. Deems:

(MUSICALLY, OF MR. MASON'S SYSTEM OF TEACHING, AND PERSONALLY OF OURSELVES.)

SIR:—In your paper of the 29th Jan., you are pleased to ent my note to the "Musical World, London," "An attack upon Mr. Mason" instead of his system. This in truth I have always considered a very poor substitute for the system used in Europe, *First*, because difficulties are multiplied in many instances where there is an necessity for them, viz: The scale must be learned by Numbers, Letters, and Syllables, whilst the latter is all that is required; at least in Europe, where so many correct singers and readers (probably) are produced as in America by Mr. M's system. *Secondly*, because pupils will learn as much in one year after the European, or fixed syllable method as in three years after the other. *Thirdly*, because Mr. M's pupils seldom ever become proficients in reading; especially where there is much modulation in a piece; and this is without doubt owing to the great difficulty of transposing the scale. Any virtuoso can transpose a piece of music *a prima vista* as well as a singer, upon Mr. M's plan; but will say that it is a difficult thing to do—say more, there are very few among the best players who can do it neatly. This proves that Mr. M's plan is much more difficult than the European; for, in both cases of transposition, is is necessary to know the exact pitch of each note you are transposing before you can do it, and if one is master of his instrument he can as easily strike the right key, as pitch upon the right note with his voice. I have had some experience in transposing, having played in an orchestra ten years—four years under Mr. Loder's conducting—and was considered a passable performer upon my instrument, (at least, I played at many concerts in Baltimore—among others, one of Mr. Henry Herz's concerts, when I played two solos,) and almost continually transposed my parts, merely for practice, (when of course I used an instrument in a different key) but I always found it easier to play the music as it was written.

In (2.) of your reply, you think it "downright nonsense" to suppose that Mr M. teacher a pupil to imagine a piece of music in the key of C before he sings it out.—Now it is well known that Mr. M. begins to teach in the key of C, and names C Do, D Re, &c., and then applies that same scale to all other keys—although you may be ignorant of the fact, Do means, and stands for C in the two countries (Italy and France) where vocal music attains its highest cultivation, and where no letters are used. Hear what Mr. M. says about the syllables in "Cantica Laudis" page 10. "Although the syllables are not regarded as indispensable, the following reasons may be assigned for their use: 1st. An association is quickly formed between each particular syllable, and the relative pitch of the tone, to which it is applied; and this enables the inexperienced singer to strike the pitch with comparative ease." A very good reason, as *experienced* singers require no aid. Mr. M's own argument ought to convince any one understanding music, (either vocal or instrumental,) of the difficulties, and humbug of transposing the scale, when compared with the European method. He acknowledges that it "enables the *inexperienced* singer to strike the pitch with comparative ease"—now, as only one Sharp or Flat is introduced at a time, how much easier is it for the pupil to understand the alteration of only *one degree* in each succeeding scale, (all the others remaining the same as when first learned,) than to be obliged to learn a different application of each of the seven syllables, to every new scale; also a different application of the Numbers from 1 to 8, and the Letter of each sharp and Flat. "2nd. The proper practice of the syllables lays the foundation of a good articulation, or a correct delivery of words." Hear again, Mr. M's own words would lead most persons to believe that he regards the syllables as *indispensable*, although in contradiction of what he first asserts. And now Sir, where is your one syllable *la*? (which Mr. M. says nothing about using for the first scale, in his instruction book—Cantica Laudis.) Although it appears by the pedantick manner in which he puffs himself and defames every other american book of church music in his "Preface," that he did "lay himself out" on that book particularly,—you see your old master "rape you over the knuckles" again for misrepresenting him. Furthermore, the best Vocal Teachers in Germany have heretofore, and do now use the Italian Syllables. Mr. M. also says, "The Italian or French method of using the syllables instead of letters, or to represent absolute pitch, is perhaps as good as any;" (certainly less trouble than to have to use both, as well as numbers) "but if the syllables are than used, Do being synonymous with C, Re with D, &c., there can be no use for the letters, as we used but one method of designating absolute pitch." If the syllables used in this way will answer the same purpose as Syllables, Letters, and numbers, which would save the most time? "It must be evident also, to anyone, that in this use of the syllables as such advantage could be derived from them as is mentioned above." (Meaning transposition of the scale.) "The only advantage claimed by those who would make the syllables synonymous with the letters is, that in this way, it is easier for pupils to apply the syllables to the notes, since each syllable will always occupy the same place on the staff. The question then is, are the advantages of associating the syllables with the sounds of the scale, greater than the difficulty of applying them? If the answer is in the affirmative, then the use of syllables here recommended, is the best use of them: if in the negative, the syllables had better be given up altogether, and the German method of using only the one syllable *La* for all the tones be adopted." Where then would be the "aid to the inexperienced singer?" Where "the foundation of a good articulation?" &c. If thinks Mr. M's "Inductive system" he must lead his pupils a crooked path to find out his true opinion. Martin Van Buren could not have made a better argument for both sides, and afterwards to decide in favor of a third party.—

With your permission I will finish my remarks next week, and give you another opportunity of defending your old master.

Respectfully, J. M. DEEMS.

Mr. Editor, With your permission I will state further my objection to Mr. Mason's system of teaching Vocal Music.

In the same book (Cantica Laudis) Mr. M says "Notation consists mostly in the representation of musical sounds by means of arbitrary written characters; one arbitrary character being made, provided it be simple and easily strike the eye, is as good as another. We are then the folly and ignorance of those who would attempt to render the learning or the teaching of music easier by adopting some new system of notation."—"Again, induction never burdens the mind with names, or technical terms until they are needed as aids in bringing up to the imagination the idea of things which are already known." In very many instances Mr. M. shows his "folly and ignorance" by substituting names or terms [which are laviorlaily for the worse] for those acknowledged, and used by all *musicians*. He contradicts himself by burdening the mind with "names and technical terms" of an use whatever—as I before mentioned, his pupils must learn to apply Figures, Letters, and syllables to the very first scale before they sing it, when the syllables alone answer the same purpose. Here again he doubles their labor. "The intermediate tone between one and two, if named from one, is called SHARP ONE [sharp 1]; and if named from two, is called FLAT TWO [flat 2].—"The chromatic tone between C and D, if named from D, is called D FLAT [D flat]; and if named from C, is is called C SHARP [C sharp]." All this trouble must be taken in the inductive system [!] to express that, which in the only genuine system is expressed by Do sharp, or Re flat.

The terms Tone and Semitone will not do for Mr. M., he must further show his "folly and ignorance" by changing them to "Step or Half Step" or "Large and Small Step." Who can make any sense out of a "Step" in sound? Which is most natural, a "Step" in sound, or a "Tone" in sound? It is indeed surprising that one so poor in talent as he should assume, to substitute new terms with an sense in them, for those known, and used by the best musicians in every part of the musical world.

In speaking of the NATURAL (natural) Mr. M. says "The seems not to have been well chosen, since it tends to mislead the mind of the pupil." But even his imaginative "folly and ignorance" does not recommend a substitute. He does not admit that the key of C is any more natural than C sharp; although every one understands a piece to be in the *natural* key when it has no Flats nor Sharps at the signature. Again in speaking of A minor he says. "The minor scale in its first or *natural* position, commences with A," &c. How can it be that A *minor*, [which is an artificial scale] is in its *natural* position when C is not allowed to be *natural*? "Sharp," says Mr. M., "in the technical use of the word, means higher: thus, the meaning of *sharp one* is, *higher* than one. Flat signifies lower: thus, the meaning of *flat two* is, *lower* than two." How much higher, or lower deponent saith not—of course his pupils have a right to guess whether it be a major or minor semitone.

In teaching the chromatic scale he again "burdens the mind with names or technical terms" which are entirely useless, as follows; for Do sharp he writes Di, Re sharp Ri &c.—for Si flat Se, La flat Le, &c. This is another vain and delusive fancy; to prove it I offer Mr. M.'s own words. "Music, the perception of which can come through the sense of hearing only, can never be taught by signs or by characters which are addressed to the eye. With as much hope of success might one attempt to teach chiaroscuro by verbal explanations or description, as the nature or *relations* of musical sounds by an exhibition of anything to the organs of vision." Does Mr. M. address the syllables Di, [for Do sharp] Se, [for Si flat] Re, to the eye, or to the ear? If to the former, he again contradicts himself—if to the latter, it is even worse, for then the pupil deceives himself by depending upon the change of syllable from Do to Di, to get the proper pitch of Do sharp; and from Si to Se, to get the pitch of Si flat; when the ear after all must decide without the aid of either syllable.

F sharp says Mr. M., "is the same as G flat, C sharp same as D flat, G sharp same as A flat Mr." If this be true, there are no such things as *major* or *minor* semitones. What say players upon the Violin and its species to that? Do they agree with Mr. M.? Is their step for F sharp at the same point upon the finger-board as for G flat? My master [*J. J. P. Dotzauer of Dresden*] did not so instruct me upon the Cello. Such a theory might do better for the Organ or Piano, where the intermediate key must be an exact half tone; but never for the string Band, the slide Trombone, nor the Voice, which are the only perfect instruments. In a slow movement good players upon wind instruments may give the true pitch of *major* and *minor semitones*, as all wind instruments are capable of being blown at least a quarter of a tone either flat, or sharp. Now, as the voice is one of the few perfect instruments, it is rather strange that Mr. M. does not even allude to the subject.

In the scale of F, Mr. M. says, "It will be observed that B flat is taken for four," [meaning the 4th degree] and one A sharp, *because the scale must always proceed from one letter to another*." It does not seem to occur to him that A sharp would not satisfy the ear, and that in reality it is higher in pitch than B flat, although written lower; but only that the letter would be wrong. Since, Mr. Editor, you have taken up the "cudgel" in defence of your old master and his system, [probably to make peace with him again,] you can explain the above incongruities. Next week I shall trouble you with a few words more in answer to your "reply."

Respectfully, J. M. DEEMS.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, March 24th, 1852.

Editor of Musical World, Sir, I have already addressed two letters to you containing a review of Mr. Mason's humbug system of teaching vocal music—neither, have as yet found place in your paper. The cause is known to you. Perhaps you have already said too much in defence of your old master, or enough to reinstate you in his good graces. Be that as it may; it is necessary they should find a place in your columns after your officious reply to my note to the "London Musical World" cautioning the people of London against Mr. M's imposition. Your reply, which is in your usual, pompous style, and although well meant, (coming from a *friend* and pupil of his,) serves, more effectually than anything I have said to place him where he belongs—on the lowest step of the musical ladder. If, however, you have no regard for justice, they will probably find a place in the paper of your friend and *regulator* Mr. Mennets.

In (3.) of your reply, you say, "so far, however, as he (Mr. M.) uses the syllables, he uses them in the only truly philosophical manner, viz: Do to the Tonic, Sol to the Dominant, &c." This may be *your* opinion, Sir, but an assertion from one who does not, even with all his boasted knowledge, assurance, &c., profess, to be either a great singer, an teacher can have no weight with the musical community; and is, (to use one of your own *classical phrases*,) "as foolish not is an true." Your opinion will more than satisfy every one of your ignorance of singing and teaching when brought in contact with such men as Bagioli, of New York, Gabbi, in Boston, Perelli & Dorige, Phila., Gegan, Baltimore, and a few others. All of these teach after the true italian system,—and not one of them all, requires an apology, such as you have made for Mr. M. in (4) of your reply, viz. "Mr. M. has never attempted to give instruction in the higher department of *Vocal* cultivation." Indeed no one ever has, I am sure, accused him of it; but still, Mr. M. and some other "Professors," advertise in your paper "to give thorough musical instruction, and to qualify teachers." One of said professors and his brother has been strolling teachers of singing in this state, (Virginia,) at ONE DOLLAR for a course of lessons, although you would attempt to impose upon your readers by telling them that such things do not occur. Should not persons desirous of becoming teachers first enquire into the capability of such men? Should they not rather apply to one of the above named gentlemen, who do "give instruction in the higher department of *vocal cultivation*," to prepare them for teachers? These also give instruction in classes, where music of at least as high an order, and as well performed, may be heard as in Mr. M's classes. But as we must have "hewers of wood and drawers of water," perhaps Mr. M., and others of his standard may answer the purpose: the great misfortune is, however, that they attempt to climb far above their proper level.

That Mr. M. has produced "thousands of good readers," is a joke too good to be practical, or, if you really mean what you say, your standard of a "good sight reader" must be low indeed, and by such numerous you are supposing your ignorance as much as your greatest enemy could wish. It is very doubtful whether the whole country can produce a thousand "sight-readers," including teachers. I can safely say that during my long residence in Baltimore, I never met with even *one* from the north, who could read a piece of moderate difficulty at "first sight."

It would seem to be a suggestion of common prudence that any of Mr. M's pupils, who may desire to study the "higher department of *vocal cultivation*," should go for help where it may reasonably be expected to be found, viz., to those who do teach it. Every one who has given proper attention to the subject will admit that it is indispensable to a good teacher to know well what he would teach to others; and of course it would hardly occur to a man who was seeking to become a cancer to go for instruction to those who had not themselves mastered "the higher department of *vocal cultivation*." Now there are those who do teach this "higher department of *vocal cultivation*," but who are they? those, and such as those above named, who teach on the Italian method, and none besides. Where is the teacher of any note either in this country or in Europe who teaches after Mr. M's system? Ask Sontag, Jenny Lind, Alboni, Parodi, Catherine Hayes, or any opera singers, either Ladies, or Gentlemen, if any one of them were taught after Mr. M.'s system, or if the approve of it: and then you will know, if you do not already know how much you are aiding Messrs. Mason & Co., to humbug those who wish to learn the "higher department of *vocal cultivation*." You seem to fall back upon Germany with considerable satisfaction to support your, and Mr. M.'s idea of vocal music; but do not seem to know that all the best vocal teachers in Germany are Italians, and that all the best German vocalists have either studied in Italy, or under Italian

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masters. Germany is no more the land of Vocal Music than Italy is the land of Instrumental Music. When an Italian writes an Oratorio, Opera &c. the solos parts are *all important*—the instrumental parts, of only a secondary consideration—not so with the Germans, for nine out of ten will give more labor to the instrumental part than they do to the voices; giving their compositions more claim to the title of Choral Symphonies than anything else.

I have so much regard for German musicians and music, as you possibly can have; but then, I have an opinion of my own, and that is what no one can accuse you of having; for *all your writings* are only echoes from other quarters, or *taken from the book*. you shall hear from me soon again.

Respectfully, J. H. Drums.

The worst thing you can do for a man, sometimes, is to publish what he writes. Aside from this general reflection on the preceding communications, we will simply state—that wishing this correspondent to do himself full justice and have perfectly fair play, and, at the same time, in order that the points in debate (aside from personalities) might be fairly discussed, we delayed the publication of the first two letters until we might have time 1st., properly to prepare said communications for the press, in point of spelling and punctuation; 2d. that a lecture which Mr. Mason had delivered in London might arrive, in which he fully sets forth the musical system he advocates; 3d. that said lecture might be placed side by side with the communications, and all parties might thus be fully satisfied. In the meantime, letter three arrives, which upsets all our good intentions with regard to our amiable correspondent We therefore publish his communications verbatim, literatim, et *punctuatim*, just as they were written. Mr. Mason himself is now in the country, and will doubtless give the articles exactly that attention they deserve.

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